# CHICAGO LEDGER

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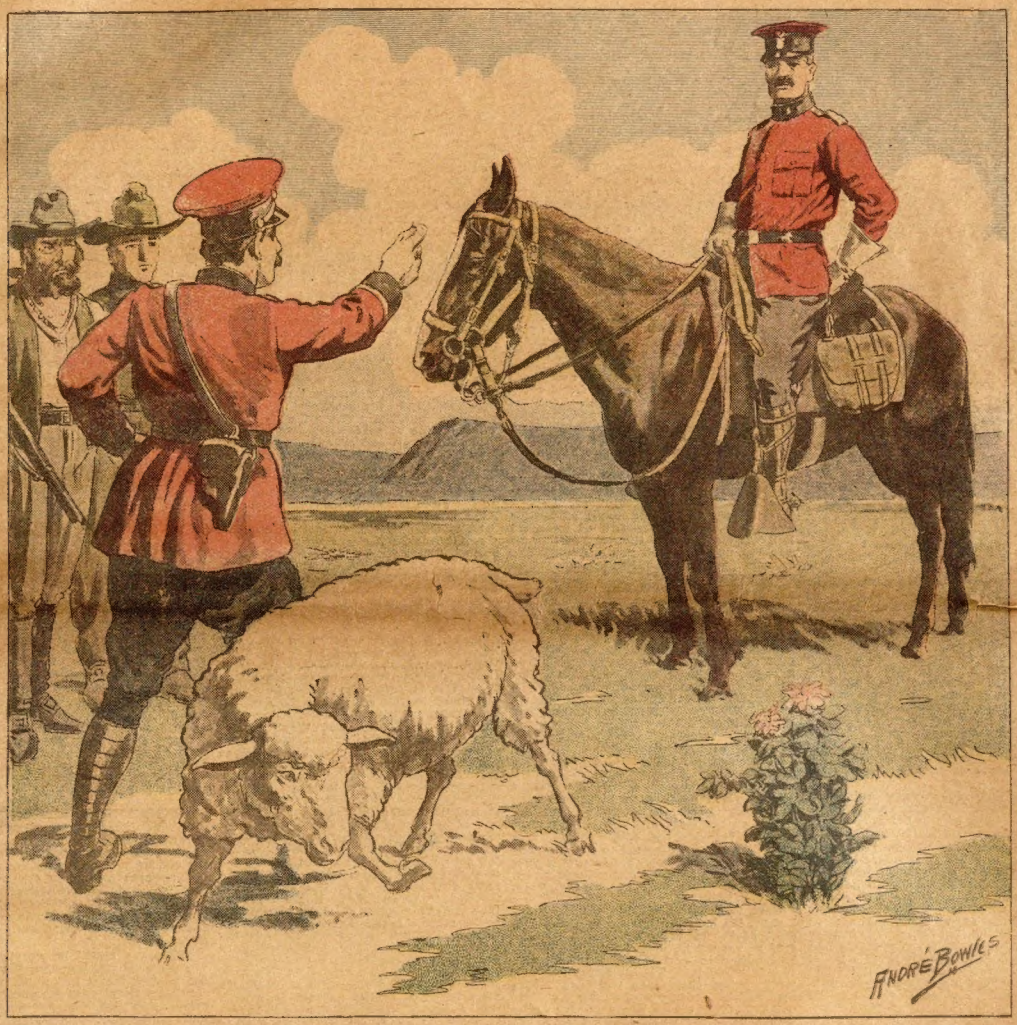


# THE BELLWETHER

## BY WILDER ANTHONY

ABOUT 4 o'clock of a late September afternoon, Frank Corbin, ranger-detective, swung down from his saddle and looped his bridle reins around the trunk of a small jack-pine. Since daylight he had been riding the steep trails and rocky slopes of the Coyote Mountains, and he now found himself at an altitude of some nine thousand feet, less than six miles in a straight line from Rock Valley. Physically, the ranger was a big man, hard and lean from almost constant living in the open, and his square jaws and clear hazel eyes showed courage and determination of no ordinary kind. He was dressed, as became his calling, in faded khaki and soft slouch hat, his legs were encased in leather chaps, and a heavy revolver sagged loosely on his right hip. In appearance there was little to distinguish him from any ranchman or hunter save a sprig of pine done in dark green on the sleeve and collar of his gray flannel shirt. On the back of his saddle he carried war-sack and slicker, while a short-barreled carbine peeped from the saddle bucket beneath his left stirrup. Altho he was in the very heart of a practically uninhabited region, he had the manner of one on the lookout for some hidden danger.

Leaving his tired horse in the shadow of the stunted pines, the ranger-detective walked across a little clearing to the edge of a vast rimrock, which extended along the valley below for more than a thousand yards. From this vantage point he could see for many miles, and he settled himself at the foot of a stump for a careful survey of the panorama in front of him. Five hundred feet almost straight below his perch a little stream wound like a silver ribbon thru the center of many acres of rich grass land. Scattered over this pasture were hundreds of sheep, mere patches of dirty white at that distance, altho an indistinct "baa-aa-a" was occasionally carried up to the lone watchman by the faint breeze. A few hundred feet from the face of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley a little tent had been pitched, and a dark spot some distance from it showed where the herder sat alone guarding his flock. Far beyond, between the jaws of a rocky split in the mountain walls, the ranger could see the canyon mouth which led up into Royal Gorge.

For many minutes he gazed down at the peaceful scene, absorbed in the grandeur of the view and his own thoughts. He was on the very edge of "Cap" Plummer's territory; and ever since he entered the Coyotes he had been constantly moving, camping where night overtook him and keeping under cover as much as possible. Three times already he had glimpsed horsemen from Rock Valley riding thru the hills. Once, aided by the particularly favorable nature of the country, he had followed two of Cap Plummer's men for several hours; but he had discovered nothing beyond the fact that they seemed bent upon a perfectly harmless outing.

As yet he had not hunted up Bert Miller, altho he knew him to be in that

neighborhood, and strongly suspected that he was the herder in charge of the sheep upon which he was gazing at that very moment. To make certain of this he took a pair of field-glasses from their case under his arm and focused them on the sheep camp.

A single look at the squatting figure told him that his surmise was correct and that his assistant was there almost within hailing distance, and he was idly sweeping the opposite hillsides with his glasses, when his gaze quickened and he leaned forward a little. A slight movement at the edge of a fringe of trees on the other side of the valley and about a quarter of a mile from the sheep camp had caught his eye, and when he brought the powerful lenses directly on the spot he smiled to himself.

Two men were standing in the shade of the timber and looking down in the direction of Miller's camp, and Corbin knew instantly that he was gazing at Cap Plummer and one of his men. There was no mistaking the rustler chief's tall, heavy-built figure, and he watched eagerly as the pair, entirely unconscious of his espionage, spied in their turn upon the equally unsuspecting Miller.

Plummer seemed to be giving directions of some kind to his companion, a lean, bearded fellow whom the ranger did not know. As he talked, the rustler chief pointed first toward the sheep camp, then swept his arm in a half-circle in the direction of Royal Gorge. Frank Corbin had not watched the two five minutes before he decided that Plummer was pointing out the most direct way to the canyon below the gorge, and it was but a single step from this decision to the conclusion that the two were plotting the theft of the sheep. When they finally ceased their spying and withdrew into the timber, the ranger pushed his glasses back into their case and rose to his feet with a grim chuckle.

Waiting until he was sure that the rustlers were well on their way back to Rock Valley, he mounted his horse and rode along the top of the rimrock until he came to a game trail which lay around the end of the ledge and down into the valley. It was an exceedingly steep and treacherous descent, but Corbin was accustomed to even worse, and with a few encouraging words to his horse, he began to corkscrew his way downward.

An hour later, just as the sun was dropping behind the encircling mountains—for at that altitude it grows dusk early—the ranger rode into the sheep camp and dismounted. Miller was in the act of bunching his sheep on their bed ground, and for a few seconds he gazed at his visitor with a curiosity which was not unmixed with suspicion; then sudden recognition dawned in his eyes and he smiled his delight.

"Why, Frank!" he called out cordially. "I'm sure glad to see you. Didn't figure you'd get here before tomorrow night at the earliest, but——"

Corbin raised a warning hand. "No names, Bert," he admonished, in a low tone. "I've just dropped in to eat and pass the time of day. I'm Frank Owens, and I'm working for Temple Weeks same as you are."

Miller took his cue readily. "I get you," he replied, with a grin, "and I'm sure glad to see you, Owens. This sheep tendin' is one lonely job hereabouts. Know anything new?"

"A little," the older man answered, "but we'll talk about that later. Wait until I take care of my horse. There's strangers in these hills today, Bert."

The hidden significance in his words was not lost on Miller, who nodded briefly and went about his duties without further speech. Meanwhile Corbin hobbled his horse and turned it loose to graze; then he joined the pseudo-sheepherder in preparing supper. During the meal the two said little, but when their hunger was satisfied and the few tin dishes had been washed, Miller motioned his guest to a seat in the doorway of the little tent and held out his tobacco sack. Already, save for the glare of the fire which cracked and snapped a few feet away, it was dark. As he rolled his cigarette, Corbin, without seeming to do so, eyed his young companion critically.

Bert Miller was thickset, sinewy and active. His square shoulders and flat wrists indicated more than ordinary strength, and he had the cold, fearless eyes of a man used to relying on himself in emergencies. A week's stubble of reddish beard covered his chin, and he was clad in the inevitable blue overalls and high-heeled boots of his supposed calling; but he lacked the slouchiness in appearance which characterizes most genuine sheepherders. Barring an undue amount of rashness and impetuosity, Corbin knew that he could not have chosen a better partner for the work he had in view.

"Anything in particular happened around here lately?" the older man asked, at length.

Miller, in the act of applying a match to his cigarette, shook his head.

"Nope," he answered. "I've been in this same camp for nearly a week without seeing a soul beyond my own camptender. The bunch over yonder"—he lurched his head in the direction of Rock Valley—"seems to be keeping quiet since they pulled off that stunt a month ago. I've followed orders and stuck around on purpose to try and draw 'em out; but nothing doing. It's the Plummer outfit all right, tho—I'm sure of that. The thing that beats me is how they unload the stock after they annex it."

"They drive it across the line," Corbin explained. "The rest is easy."

"Sure; but what about the brands? All these sheep have been branded, and they've got to give a bill of sale with 'em even in Canada."

"Of course, Bert; but you're forgetting that this is a pretty wild country and that outsiders never get into Rock Valley. What's to prevent driving the sheep in there, shearing them, rebranding them, and then trailing them over into the Alberta country? That's the way I figure it out."

"By golly, I never thought of that, Frank!" Miller's boyish face lighted up with interest. "It could be done just as you say, and even if they were caught with the sheep afterwards nobody could prove a thing. We've got to catch 'em before they get into the valley in order to cinch this job."

"Yes, unless we can get evidence that there is no disputing. Plummer has designs on these sheep of yours, Bert. I spotted him a few hours ago, watching you and sizing up the layout. He seemed to be mapping out a trail between here and Royal Gorge. The gorge leads to Rock Valley as well as into Canada, you know."

"The devil!" Bert Miller threw his cigarette stub into the dying fire and began to roll a fresh smoke. "So I'm in for it at last, eh? Well, I'm mighty glad you've arrived, Frank. We can keep watch and——"

"You think the pair of us could stand 'em off," Corbin supplemented, with a chuckle at the dare-devil light in the boy's eyes. "We'd have a hard task, Bert. Plummer and his men are bad hombres and they don't balk at trifles. They're too many for us physically, but we must use our heads a little. From what I know of them they usually operate just before dawn and I've got a hunch that they'll tackle you tomorrow morning. We'll lay a little trap for them, Bert. Pretty soon I shall go away and leave you alone to be surprised and overcome by the gang. They won't shoot you up if you don't try to fight, and you will submit before it comes to blows. Then we'll see." He broke off with an amused smile at the look of consternation on Miller's face.

"Give in to 'em peaceful! Not put up any scrap a-tall!" Miller snorted in disgust. "What you drivin' at, Frank? They're nothing but a gang of bullies and four-flushers—the two of us could lick 'em clean out of their socks. I know you too well to think you're scared; but it sure looks to me like we ought to start something."

"We will, don't you fear about that," Corbin assured him, with a grin, "but not exactly the way you think, Bert. I haven't finished yet. Assuming that Plummer will come after these sheep between now and sunup, and that he will rebrand them at the valley before he crosses into Canada, here is my plan. Plummer will shear and brand in a hurry; he can't keep so many sheep in Rock Valley long—there's not feed enough there. He'll probably shear right away tomorrow and move the sheep as soon as he can, won't he?"

Miller nodded, and the older man went on:

"Well, then, here's my scheme. We'll pick a sheep out of the band tonight: One that is certain to stay with the bunch on the trail, one of the leaders of the lot, for instance, and we'll mark it so we'll be able to swear to it again under any circumstances, but in such a way that Cap won't notice our private mark. That one sheep will be our evidence. See the point?"

Bert Miller slapped his thigh in delight. He was beginning to catch the drift of the other's plan.

"I get you!" he exclaimed. "There's a bellwether in the bunch that will fill the bill nicely. He always leads the works when they're on trail and Plummer will be sure to use him. Besides, he don't happen to be branded at all; he was overlooked when they fixed up the rest, I suppose."

"So much the better. Plummer won't shear him in that case, and it lessens the risk of our mark being discovered. Can you catch him easy?"

"You betche. He's plumb docile, and I've got 'em all bedded down right close at hand. It won't take ten minutes to hunt him out."

Leaving the tent and the fire, the two rangers walked out to where the sheep were bunched for the night. Half an hour later they returned to the camp. Miller was laughing softly.

"It it works," he declared, "it'll sure be one on Cap. I only hope I can play my part all right. I'll do my best, you can depend on that, but I ain't much of a movie star."

A few moments later, after some words of advice to his young companion, Corbin saddled his horse and rode back to the top of the rimrock. It was a hard climb in the faint moonlight but man and beast finally accomplished it; and it was with a feeling of complete satisfaction that the ranger rolled himself in his slicker and lay down on the ground for a few hours sleep. The first light of dawn, however, found him keen-eyed and alert at his post on the brink of the ledge. He smiled when he saw what was going on at the sheep camp.

A little group of men stood near Miller's tent, and even before he brought his glasses into play the ranger recognized Cap Plummer's burly figure, altho, as usual when engaged in some overt act, the rustlers were all wearing black masks.

Disarmed and evidently very angry, Bert Miller stood in the center of the group; he did not, however, appear to have been hurt in any way. He seemed to be playing his part well, and few would have guessed from his manner that his easy capture was the result of a prearranged plot.

While Corbin watched them, Plummer turned to Miller and made a few remarks in reply to which the pseudo-herder nodded his head sullenly; then the six men began to rouse the sheep and head them up the valley. Almost immediately a big wether sprang into the lead, and the man on the ledge chuckled audibly. Thus far his plan was working to perfection.

Keeping well out of eye-shot, he followed the rustlers until they turned off at right angles into Royal Gorge and headed toward their own valley. Then he made a wide detour and swung back in the direction of the sheep camp. An hour later he met Bert Miller.

"It's working," the latter declared gleefully, when they were together again. "They landed on me just before daylight and I played dumb like I was surprised and scared about stiff. They never laid a hand on me, but they took my horse and six-gun. I had hid my rifle, so they don't think I've got any weapons."

Frank Corbin grinned. "You did well," he commented. "Now for the rest of it. We have plenty of time—I don't think they'll show up again today—I watched them almost into the valley; but we'll go direct to the gorge and hide where they can't pass us. They think you're unarmed and afoot, and they'll figure that you can't possibly get help inside of two days. They'll probably move the sheep back up the gorge early tomorrow morning, and we'll be waiting for 'em."

Royal Gorge was a long, sloping defile between almost perpendicular cliffs. It had two branches at its lower end, one of which extended north-east until it ran into the canyon that formed the entrance to Rock Valley, while the other led across the Canadian border. Its entire length was nearly ten miles, and some two miles before the border was reached it narrowed to a mere fissure thru which not more than three men could ride abreast. At this point the walls were slightly lower than elsewhere and it was here that Frank Corbin meant to ambush the rustlers.

The ranger's plan was a simple one. He intended to wait until the rustlers were hemmed in the narrow pass with the sheep; then from above the two rangers would cover them with their rifles and make them surrender. Caught like rats in a trap, Plummer and his men, desperate characters tho they were, would be forced to give up. If the worst happened and it came to a fight, Corbin figured that the natural advantages in his favor would more than balance the inequality in numbers.

Late afternoon found the two rangers nearing their goal. Owing to their having but one horse between them and the roughness of the country, they made slow progress; but even so they would arrive in plenty of time. Corbin paused on top of a low ridge and looked thoughtfully at a double line of wires which stretched thru the trees above his head. He was prudent and farseeing as well as brave, and he knew that here was his last chance to communicate with the outer world before he came face to face with Cap Plummer. For a little he considered matters; then he produced a linesman's pocket telephone from his war-sack and climbed up into a convenient tree. After a short delay he got in connection with some one and engaged in five minutes low-voiced conversation; then he climbed down to the ground and resumed his journey, without saying anything in reply to the look of curiosity in Miller's eyes.

Half a mile to the right was a lofty knob of sandstone which marked the spot for the ambuscade. Once that point was reached there would be little more to do except wait and watch for the rustlers; but in between was a deep gully which at first glance looked impassable, at least so far as the horse was concerned. After several minutes search, however, Miller found a kind of trail and started to lead him across. Shy of the treacherous footing, the animal snorted and hung back. Speaking soothingly, Miller tried to urge him on, when all at once the boy's foot slipped on a stone and he fell backward; at just this second the horse leaped ahead.

Corbin caught his breath in one huge, sickening gulp. From where he was it looked as tho the horse had sprung exactly on top of the ranger's prostrate body. For a moment there was a thrashing in the brush, then the horse broke clear and lunged back to the bank; but Miller lay still and white where he had fallen. With an imprecation at his turn in the luck, Corbin ran forward and stooped over him.

The ranger sighed his relief when a few second's examination convinced him that his companion, tho stunned and bleeding freely from an ugly gash in the head, was not seriously hurt. A brook of icy water ran thru the gully bottom, and Corbin in no time in bathing the wound and binding it up. The treament was efficacious, and Miller soon opened his eyes and struggled to a sitting position. For an instant he looked around in a daze; then he smiled gamely.

"I sure got mine that time," he said. "Horse fall on me?"

Frank Corbin nodded. "You'll be all right in a minute, Bert. It's nothing but a scalp wound, I think."

He straightened up and was turning to pick up his hat, which had fallen to the ground, when his body suddenly became rigid and his hands clinched.

Standing a dozen paces away, with a twisted smile on his hard, sunburned face, was Cap Plummer. In the hollow of his arm the rustler held a short-barreled rifle, the muzzle of which pointed squarely at the ranger's body. For a considerable time neither man spoke. Plummer merely grinned sardonically, while Corbin deliberated the possibility of drawing his revolver; but he dismissed the thought. Cap Plummer's marksmanship was a byword in the mountains—any attempt at resistance just then would be suicidal. Besides, there was a bare chance that the outlaw would fail to recognize him, and Corbin determined to take it.

"How are you?" he greeted, as coolly as he could, ignoring the menace of the rifle. "We've had a little accident."

"Yeh, I been watchin' yuh." Plummer deliberately leaned his rifle against a rock and produced a plug of tobacco from which he bit a generous chew. He seemed completely at his ease and entirely regardless of danger—too much so under the circumstances—and Corbin flashed a quick glance into the trees just beyond them. It was as he had guessed: less than fifty feet away several men were grouped, leaning on their weapons and watching the scene below in idle curiosity. Evidently the whole gang had crept within easy striking distance while he was working over Miller.

Cap Plummer chuckled grimly; he, too, had been watching and he had not failed to note the gleam or guess the thought behind the ranger's eyes. "It's too late, Corbin," he calmly observed. "My boys would shoot yuh to pieces before yuh could touch your gun handle. We might as well put our cards right down on the mahogany."

"All right, I'm agreeable," Corbin submitted as gracefully as circumstances would permit, altho the rustler's instant recognition of him had destroyed his last hope.

"You're wise to take it so easy-like," Plummer commented, with a hoarse chuckle. "Now, while we're at it, yuh might as well unbuckle your gun-belt and let it drop on the ground. No tricks mind; some o' the best gunshots in these hills are watchin' yuh and they ain't

## To Ledger Readers.

WITH next week's issue the bigger and better Ledger will begin. It will be nearly once again the present size and in every way much improved. It will contain some splendid short stories as well as a number of powerful serials. The leader will be "THE KAISER'S SPY; or, AMERICA'S PERIL." Read it and find out what happened to an American war munitions maker and his heroic daughter. "THE DETECTIVE TRIO" will be a series of remarkable detective stories, each story complete in each issue. Then there will be "THE LADY OF THE ROAD," "JIM HUFF'S DENSENESS," and "THE LUCKY THIRD," all rattling good short stories. There will be several new departments, one of these "THE GINGER JAR," in which will appear specially written humorous short stories, among them "STRENUOUS ANIMALS," by Edwin J. Webster, "DOWN ON THE FARM," by Earl H. Emmons, and funny stories by "Ima Nutt." There will be a host of other good things in the new Ledger which will please you. Be sure and take a squint at it and if you like it write and tell us.

afraid to shoot. Just drop your gun on the ground and walk away from it a bit."

With a little shrug of his shoulders the ranger did as he was told. He realized the futility of resistance too well to argue. Even tho Miller had been well enough to lend a hand, the odds against them were too great.

When the rustler chief had gathered up his prisoners' weapons and handed them over to one of his men, who came forward to receive them, he turned to Corbin again.

"Yuh and me have got to hold a little palaver," he remarked, in an almost friendly tone, "and we might as well get busy. I've been followin' yuh for quite a spell. I figured from the way your friend there"—he nodded toward Miller—"gave in to us this morning that there was something fishy up; his face and general get-up don't go with the mealy-mouthed game he played when we jumped his camp. When I saw him join yuh a few hours back I guessed a whole lot. I know what's brought yuh into these parts, Frank Corbin, and we'll talk matters over directly. We've got an old score to settle, yuh and me; but there's time enough. We don't start till mornin'."

"Start?" The ranger opened his eyes inquiringly. "Start what, Plummer?"

"Movin' these sheep yuh and your pardner is so interested in," Plummer explained with a grin. "They'll be sheared and branded over by dark, and at daylight yuh'll help us drive 'em to market. Then I'll attend to your case. In Canada yuh'll quit bein' a officer, and we'll come at each other man to man. If you try any tricks on the way, I'll shoot yuh like a coyote. D—n yuh! Do yuh think I've forgotten the way yuh cinched Tobe Sawyer a year ago. Him and me was pals, and yuh'll get yours yet—trust me for that."

He turned away and snapped a few orders at his men. Ten minutes later the whole party was on its way out of the gully, Corbin and Miller walking side by side in the midst of the outlaws, who watched them carefully, altho they offered no violence. A few hundred yards from the gully they arrived at a shallow cave in the mountainside, and here Cap Plummer called a halt.

"Get in there, yuh fellers," he ordered the prisoners, motioning toward the cave with his revolver. "We don't allow visitors in the valley, and this shelter will do as well as another for the night, I reckon."

A little later Plummer left the rangers under the surveillance of an armed guard, who paced to and fro outside the mouth of the cavern which was lighted by the blaze of a huge fire. Beneath this fellow's watchful eyes it was impossible to do anything; and the prisoners merely exchanged looks and pondered upon their situation in silence.

Frank Corbin smiled grimly to himself. He had to admit that Cap Plummer's scheme looked as sound as it was simple. Riding in the midst of the rustlers' gang, the rangers would be as helpless as tho locked in a jail. In that lonely region the odds were a hundred to one against their meeting any one while en route, and had it not been for one thing Corbin would have felt as dejected as he looked. He still had one card left in his hand, but the time was not yet ripe to play it.

At dawn the prisoners were escorted to the mouth of the gorge, where they found the stolen sheep in charge of some of the rustlers. Here the rangers were given horses and ordered to assist in driving the sheep toward the border. In the canyon the high walls which edged the trail made herding easy, and Plummer, inclined to be boastful now that the game seemed to be safely in his hands, reined his horse beside Corbin.

"Pretty neat little job, ain't it?" he asked. "The brand those sheep are carryin' now is registered in Alberta and belongs to a pal o' mine. Nobody so much as winks when he sells off his mutton. Yuh officers think you're cute, but yuh'd hate yourselves if yuh knew the number o' times we put it across on yuh."

Corbin made no rejoinder, and they rode in silence for a bit. Then Plummer gave vent to a satisfied chuckle.

"That big wether is one dandy," he remarked. "He leads the bunch like a trained troop horse. This job is a cinch alongside of some we've had. It'll soon be time for you and me to come together."

It was late afternoon when the party finally came to a halt in front of a small ranch-house four or five miles across the Canadian border. All day Corbin had been hoping against hope to effect an escape, but under Plummer's keen eyes it had been impossible, and now the ranger seemed resigned to his fate, tho still on the alert and ready to take advantage of any opening.

As the party came to a halt, Cap Plummer was hailed by a stout, gray-bearded man, who came out of the house and entered into a low-toned conversation with the rustler. The sheep, left to themselves for the moment, straggled off in search of water, and Corbin was edging his horse closer to Miller, when there was a sudden diversion.

From around the base of a tall butte, which rose up less than a hundred yards away, a dozen horsemen burst into view and rode rapidly toward the house. One glimpse of their scarlet coats, peaked caps, and military appearance made Corbin catch his breath in delight. His telephoning had brought results, after all—these mounted policemen must be an answer to it.

With a curt nod of greeting to the rancher, whom he seemed to know, the sergeant in command of the squad, a clean-cut, businesslike young fellow, brought his horse to an abrupt halt and looked curiously at the strangers.

"Movin' stock, Adams?" he inquired of the stout man who had abruptly ended his conversation with Plummer the instant the policemen came in sight.

"Yes," replied Adams, in a tone of forced heartiness. "I'm going to take 'em in for shipment tomorrow if——"

He broke off short as Frank Corbin pushed his horse to the side of the sergeant's.

"You've come in the nick of time, Sergeant," he interposed sharply. "Those are stolen sheep, they've been sneaked in from across the line, and——"

"Stolen, eh? Who the devil are you?" The sergeant swung round to face the speaker, while his men drew up a little closer behind him.

Cap Plummer, a murderous look on his hard face, half reached for his revolver; then thought better of it. He knew that his gang would stand no chance in a fight with the police. This was a time for bluff, not force.

"The man lies!" he cut in, before Corbin could explain himself. "The sheep belong to Adams—I sold 'em to him. Look for yourself, they're carryin' his brand."

The sergeant eyed the two men keenly for an instant.

"Humph!" he muttered, an odd look in his eyes, "seems to be considerable difference of opinion." Then louder, turning to Corbin, "You're first. Tell your story and be quick about it!"

Urging his horse closer, the ranger-detective held back the lapel of his open vest so that the policeman could see the little metal badge he wore beneath it. When the sergeant straightened up there was the hint of a new respect in his eyes.

"You must be the man they telephoned about yesterday," he remarked. "We've been doing scout duty ever since. What's the trouble?"

"Sheep rustling, as I told you," the ranger answered. "My name is Corbin, and my partner here"—he indicated Miller—"and I have been hunting these fellows for days. The sheep belong to Temple Weeks; and these men are all members of the Plummer gang. The big fellow there is Cap Plummer himself—I can prove it."

The sergeant started. He had heard of Plummer as had every man on the border and he turned a by no means friendly eye on the rustler. Several of the troopers began to finger their carbines suggestively, and Plummer, noting this, lost control of himself.

"It's a d—d lie!" he snarled, forcing his horse in between Corbin and the sergeant. "These two men are tryin' to get me in bad because they're sore over a matter of wages. My name ain't Plummer, it's Tracy, and the sheep were mine until Adams bought 'em. They ain't stolen—let this feller prove it."

The sergeant grinned. "That's fair enough," he declared. "The sheep have Adams' brand on 'em all right, and we have to be pretty careful. How can you prove your story?" he demanded of Corbin.

"Very easily, Sergeant. Let your men catch that big wether over yonder and look for a small slit in the hide under his left shoulder. The slit has been sewed up, but it will rip the stitches. Before you do this ask Plummer what that 'something' is—then ask me. The answers will speak for themselves."

The sergeant laughed softly. "By George!" he exclaimed, "I like your style. You've left nothing to chance." He gave a curt order to two of his men, who dis-

(Continued on Page 9.)


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### CHAPTER V.
### ABANDONED.

ERROLD awoke to find himself gazing without curiosity at a wide stretch of country which seemed somehow far beneath him. Yet was there firm solid rock on which he lay. He tried for a short time to fathom this puzzle, but finally gave it up and relapsed into a semi-unconsciousness.

A sharp pain in his side brought him back to the world. He attempted to draw a deep breath, and found that he could not do so, because of the piercing agony it caused his right side. With his left hand he carefully made an examination, prodding his ribs gently. As nearly as he could judge, he had at least three broken ribs.

He was startled at this point to hear a long, tremulous sigh. He turned and beheld, lying farther back in the shallow cave, the beautiful features and still form of Aileen Rydon. After her one manifestation of life she relapsed again into silence.

Errold pondered the matter deeply for some time.

"I don't know where, why, or how," he summed up his thoughts, "but it seems that I'm half way up the side of a sky-scraper mountain, with no stairs, elevators, or wings, but with three broken ribs and an unconscious girl who looks as tho she'd just stepped off the cover of a magazine. I suppose I fell into this place, but how I managed to fall around a corner and fifteen feet sideways into a cave without the aid of a few unusually husky angels, is more than I can tell. And speaking of angels ——" He broke off abruptly and gazed at Aileen's recumbent form.

It was so evident that something would have to be done at once that he set his teeth and determined to slip out of his knapsack, let the pain be what it might. To his surprise the knapsack almost fell from his shoulders, so easily was it removed. This was due to the fact that one of the hangings by which it was carried had been torn in his fall. He gazed at the ragged edges of the torn leather and whistled in surprise.

"Mighty rough of the angels who slung me in here," he remarked.

Working with one hand, he opened the knapsack, in which he had carefully packed the compact first-aid kit which he always carried on his travels. Painful as was the task, he wrapped a long roll of bandage tightly about his chest at the point where he had located his injuries, so that the compression of the linen would keep the pieces of broken bone from working. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead by the time he had completed his task; there were moments when the murderous pain in his side seemed almost to stop his heart. He could not draw a full breath, and the twinge which shot thru him as he laboriously rose to his feet made him wince.

During all this time Aileen had been as one dead. Errold walked unsteadily to her, and knelt by her side. He placed his ear to her bosom and was relieved to hear her heart beating.

"Thank Heaven, it's only a faint," he muttered. At once he began to chafe the girl's wrists vigorously, and press down upon the lids of her closed eyes. Finally, with a tremulous sigh, Aileen's eyelids fluttered open.

"What—Oh, who——" stammered the girl.

"Never mind me," said Errold, softly. "I'm not dangerous, and besides, there will be plenty of time later for explanations, from the looks of things."

It finally came back to the girl what had happened, if the appearance of comprehension in her great, gray eyes was to be interpreted as such. Her face flushed slowly as the blood came back to it. The faint pink swept away the pallor from her skin, giving it the beautiful tint of a budding rose. She allowed herself plenty of time to collect her wits before she answered in a low voice:

"Yes, I remember now. I saw you falling, but I could not stop you; and then the holster caught on a stump, and I pulled you back into this little nook."

Thus did the modest girl explain her hazardous ascent of the bluff and her heroic efforts to rescue the man who was now leaning over her. Errold stared at her, open-mouthed.

"And you did that for a—perfect stranger?" he finally asked, slowly.

"I didn't know you were a stranger at first," answered Aileen, with a smile. "And, then, you know, I wouldn't want to see even a stranger kill himself if I could prevent it."

By close questioning and by cross-examination Errold finally obtained as full a recital of the adventure as the girl would give. He was astonished at her prowess. When he gazed outward and upward toward the handhold from which she had essayed to stop his fall, he was astonished.

"I can't express my gratitude for this, in words," said he, "but I am going to repay you in some way for as great a part of what you have done for me as is possible. May I help you to rise?"

Aileen extended her hand which Errold took firmly in his and gave a steady pull.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, her face going white.

"What is it?" asked Errold, anxiously. Then his eyes fell on Aileen's wrist. It was purple and swollen.

"I'm—I'm afraid," she faltered, "that I've hurt my wrist."

Errold examined the injured member gently and informed Aileen that her wrist was sprained. He was thrilled to see the girl smile brightly.

"Oh, if it's only a sprain," she stated in a matter-of-fact tone, "it will heal soon enough."

"I call that pluck," Errold declared admiringly. "At any rate, we must get down, and if you can only hold out until we do, we can soon fix up your wrist."

Aileen answered with a brave smile. Errold began to unfasten the strap from his knapsack. He was revolving in his mind the best plan to escape from their hill prison.

"Of course," he said, "you cannot climb with that wrist in the shape it is. I will have to carry you in some way."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible," answered the girl. "You are none too strong, yourself, after your fall."

Errold said nothing. A sharp pain in his body reminded him of his weakness. The situation was indeed desperate. Up to this time neither had thought to ask the other how he or she happened to be in that section of the woods. Each was thinking too deeply of a plan to get down to pay much attention to other details. Finally it was borne upon Errold that the girl at his side was no country lass who had spent her entire life in baking and sweeping at her father's home. Her clear speech and well-modulated voice impressed him. He began to study the girl more intently, and was delighted at the play of expression on her face, at the fleeting dimple and the beautifully modeled features. The conversation became more personal, and it was not long before Errold knew Aileen's story, with the exception of Batchelor's implication in it and the fact that she was teaching to aid her father in paying off a mortgage on his farm.

Finally, he turned again to their present plight. He had been fumbling with the knapsack which he had separated from its strap. Suddenly it slipped from his fingers and fell, in lazy whirls and with many bounds to the level ground beneath.

"It's quicker than our road will be," Errold said soberly, "but I imagine our way will be the more satisfactory one."

"But I don't—I'm afraid I don't understand," stammered Aileen. "I know something about climbing these hills, and it would be impossible for me to make it without the use of both my hands. And with my wrist in this shape——" She made a wry little grimace as she extended the injured wrist for inspection. There was no need to complete the sentence.

"How often do people pass along here?" asked Errold, keenly.

"Well, of course, there's no real road," Aileen confessed, reddening. "It would be mere chance that would bring any one along here."

"How often?" queried Errold, insistently.

"Not—not very often," admitted Aileen. "Perhaps not today?"

"Perhaps not."

"Or tomorrow?"

"Possibly."

"Well, there you are. If you believe I'm going to let you wait here for two days, you're not very complimentary, to say the least. What do you suppose I'm going to do with this strap?" He held up the heavy leash he had taken from the knapsack.

An impulse to tease this dashing young stranger who was seeking to carry things with such a very high hand overcame Aileen.

"I don't know," she confessed, with pretended helplessness, "unless you're going to whip me to make me behave."

"How—what!" cried Errold explosively. Then, comprehending that Aileen had not made the remark seriously, he fell in with the jest.

"Exactly, young lady," he said, with severe gravity. "You do what the nice, good, kind gentleman—that means myself—wants you to do, or the nice, good, kind gentleman will whip you."

Both of them realized that they were keeping up this light-hearted banter in order to make the real danger seem less serious than it really was, in the same spirit in which a boy whistles to keep up his courage when he is alone in the dark.

A long pause ensued. Errold finally broke the silence by announcing he would make the descent and summon help for Aileen from the nearest house or from the first driver he met. He had purposedly failed to tell the girl about his broken ribs. Aileen was forced to admit the feasibility of this plan, altho she demurred a bit because of the weakened condition of the man. She gave Errold directions for reaching her father's cabin on the hilltop at the end of the ridge.

Gritting his teeth and wincing, Errold began the downward climb. At every foothold he was forced to stop and fight against the shooting pains in his body for the courage to continue. Aileen shouted encouragement from above, and now and then directed him to the slender supports below him.

In this manner our hero reached the road, or trail, beneath. He was weak enough to faint, and would have done so had he not been sustained by the thought that the girl above him was in urgent need. Weakly, he began to totter down the trail which would finally bring him to Pop Rydon's humble dwelling.

Hardly had Errold started, however, when the sharp sounds of a horse's hoofs striking on stones came to his ears. He stopped and listened, and now the faint rattling of wheels could also be heard. Errold's face lighted with gladness and he waved his arms joyously at the girl above him when he saw a handsome mare and buggy with a no less handsome driver appear around the bend at a smart trot.

The driver was preoccupied, and did not notice the pale-faced wayside traveler until he was almost upon him.

"Hello," Errold greeted him as cheerfully as he could with the pain fiercely burning his side.

"Howd'y," answered the driver curtly, and raised his whip to flick the mare and send her on.

"Hold on, sir!" cried Errold, determinedly.

The stranger drew up sharply.

"What do you mean?" he asked angrily, "tellin' me to stop."

"Why," said Errold, politely, "I hope I do not offend you, sir, but I need your help badly to rescue a young lady from a little cave in the middle of the bluff here." Errold pointed out the spot where Aileen's form could be distinguished, altho her features could not be made out. "She has sprained her wrist, and it is impossible for her to descend without some help."

"If people wants to make tarnal fools of themselves by actin' like mountain goats, I don't feel no call to help them," said the driver, irritably, his handsome, dark eyes flashing. "You city folks need a guardian," he went on, surveying Errold's walking costume. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"That is beside the point," retorted Errold. "There is a young lady suffering up there, and you and I are going to get her down and drive her to Mr. Rydon's house in your buggy. Understand?"

Errold spoke with such an air of authority that the young man in the buggy answered in the affirmative before he was aware of it.

Then he asked curiously, "Did you say Rydon's?"

"Your ears are sharpening," answered Errold, sarcastically. "Now crawl down out of that buggy and lend a hand."

"Look here," cried out the other, "my name's Batchelor, Daniel Craig Batchelor, an' no man ain't goin' to talk thataway to me, nohow! Who's the girl up thar?"

Errold could see that he must satisfy the fiery young man's curiosity if he was to obtain his aid, so he answered:

"Miss Rydon."

The name seemed to electrify Batchelor. He jumped out of the buggy, half-hitched the mare's strap to a tree, and pulled a long rope out of the back of the buggy.

"Come on," he said curtly to Errold, as he began the ascent. The other followed gamely as fast as he could.

The two reached the top finally, and slowly let the girl down by means of the rope. Then they climbed down after her. Batchelor reached her first and lifted her into the buggy. He climbed in after her, and, before she could remonstrate, drove rapidly away, leaving Errold, sinking into unconsciousness, at the base of the bluff.

### CHAPTER VI.
### A DISAPPEARANCE.

"DAN," exclaimed Aileen, angrily, as soon as she could catch her breath in the bouncing buggy, "why didn't you give the stranger a lift?"

"There ain't room fer three in this trap," answered Daniel, surlily.

"Oh," said Aileen, turning upon her companion a look of cold disdain, "there isn't room in your buggy for an injured man; is that it?"

Dan reddened with embarrassment.

"That ain't it, an' you know it, Aileen," he grumbled. "He didn't look to me like he was hurt, nohow. He was purty slow at climbing that hill, especially in the steep places. Whar was he hurt?"

"I don't know that he was injured," answered Aileen, "but he fell a distance of twenty-five feet and landed pretty hard. It won't do any harm to go back and see."

"If he didn't say so," uttered Dan, "he wasn't hurt much. I guess we'd better go ahead to yer Pop's house and get yerself tended to."

"Dan," said the girl, firmly, "I feel it my duty to return and assure myself that no harm came to the young man."

"It seems yer purty much interested in him," blurted out Dan, irritably. "Well, we ain't goin' back thar; you kin make up yer mind t' that."

"I am interested in any fellow-being who is in distress," retorted Aileen, warmly, two bright, red spots appearing in her cheeks. "The more shame to you, Dan Batchelor, if you are doing this because of some foolish jealousy, which you have neither the right nor the cause to feel."

Dan looked slightly crestfallen at this courageous reply, but he made no move to halt the buggy.

"I'm here to help my fellow-man as quick as the next one," he defended, "but you're the fellow-man I'm lookin' out for first. You're hurt worse'n what he is—that is if he's hurt at all, which I ain't thinkin'. Anyway, it's ladies first. And if that's doin' wrong, by thunder, I'm gonna do wrong!"

With these words he flicked the mare lightly with his whip and sent the buggy rattling over the deeply rutted road, at a speed which made even Aileen gasp. At the same time she could not help but admire the strength and competent skill with which he handled the buggy. She began to fear that she had been in the wrong about Dan and the stranger—perhaps Dan was entirely in the right. Not until the Rydon homestead drew into view did she summon up the courage to speak, however.

"I hope I've not done you an injustice, Dan," she said slowly. "Please don't think that I meant to wound you by what I said. And I thank you a thousand times for being so thoughtful of my welfare."

They stopped before the gate to the Rydon home, and Dan helped her from the buggy.

"That's all right, Aileen," he replied. "Twan't no more'n I'd do for anybody in the same fix."

"In that case," said Aileen, quickly and impulsively, "won't you please go back and see after that young stranger? As—as a favor to me, Dan."

Batchelor's handsome features clouded.

"I'll do no such thing," he growled, as he jumped back into the buggy. "If that young whippersnapper ain't hurt, he don't need me nowise. An' if he can't take care of himself at his age, he'd better take a nurse with him after this. It'll learn him a lesson."

And with these words he drove rapidly off in the opposite direction from that in which they had left Errold a short time before. Aileen gave a little cry, and made a move as tho she would return on foot to the base of the bluff at Eagles' Sink, but a sudden twinge of pain from her wrist reminded her that she would do well to have the sprain cared for first. She ran into the house and quickly informed her father of her injury, telling him also of the probable plight of the young man whose life she risked her own to save.

"Wal, honey," said Pop Rydon, tenderly, rummaging about in an old drawer and drawing out a strip of muslin. "We'll fix you up and then go look fer yer tenderfoot."

The old man skilfully sprang the bone in his daughter's wrist into place. She withstood the operation heroically and urged him to hasten. The binding accomplished, Pop hitched his best span of mules to a light spring wagon, aided his daughter in, and drove at her direction back toward the bluff. Neither father nor daughter spoke much for a while.

"Aileen," the father finally asked, "has Dan'l been sayin' anything to you lately?"

Aileen understood well enough what

her father meant, but she feigned not to comprehend.

"Why, yes, father," answered she. "Dan has been saying a great many things to me. He told me all about his property and admitted he was the richest man in this county."

"Come, come, girl!" urged the father, a little gruffly. "I was meanin' has he been sayin' anything about courtin' or such like?"

"Dad, you old dear," cried Aileen, reddening a little and grasping her father's arm as her Cupid's bow mouth opened with a merry laugh, "don't you know the age is past when fathers ask their daughters such questions?"

"No, it ain't past, nohow," answered Pop Rydon. "Not with me it ain't, leastways. But ef you don't want to tell, I won't be a-pushin' you."

"That's a good father," mocked the girl.

By this time they were nearing the bluff, and both father and daughter kept their eyes open for the stranger. Aileen pointed toward the exact spot, and "Pop," with a crack of his whip, urged his mules quickly to it.

When they arrived, Errold had vanished. Only the outline of his body where it had lain in the weeds and flowers could be seen.

Disappointed, and with a little lump in her throat, the girl signified to her father where the stranger had lain. She had not realized on the way how much she was looking forward to seeing and talking again to the young man who had joked with her in the midst of peril.

"Let's go back home, Dad," she said sadly.

Pop Rydon looked at his daughter curiously, and silently turned his mules toward home.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ERROLD MAKES A FRIEND.

THE first impression which fastened itself on Errold's returning consciousness, was of a straining pain in his side. The next was of a voice—a petulent and decidedly youthful voice. It seemed to keep on saying something like, "Gosh hang it, if you'd only come awake! I can't drag you all the way." Then some one else said, "Perhaps, if you'd be good enough to turn on the alarm clock, I might awake."

It was some time before Errold realized that it was he who had made the last remark. Then his vision cleared. He saw standing before him a short, thickset boy, whose broad face betokened great good will, but not an over-burden of intellect. Just now the wide countenance split almost in half with a broad grin.

"Mister, I'm sure glad to hear you-uns talk," the round-faced youth said. "I cain't say you sound like it was talkin' sense, but anything's better'n being' like you was dead. Reckon you-uns could walk if I sorter helped along?"

"Certainly," replied Errold. "By the way, just as a matter of curiosity, would you mind telling me who you are and where I am?"

"Oh, me? I'm Corny Goggin—Cornelius, y'know, but folks most always calls me Corny. An' this here's Sixth Crossin' Holler, an' the nearest town is Duke. Say, I gotta dandy bird dog. His name's Caesar. Y'orter see him."

"I'll be glad to," replied Errold, cordially. "But before we look at Caesar, is there a doctor in Duke?"

"You c'n tell the world there is," replied Corny, proudly. "Doc Carberry's the best doctor in Dent County, I'm here to say. What's your business?"

"Right now my business is to offer you half a dollar to take me over to Doc Carberry's. How's that strike you?"

"Half a dollar?" cried Corny, incredulously. "Gosh hang it, mister, I'd carry you inter Duke on my shoulder fer that!"

"That won't be necessary. Just help me up, and let me steady my hand against you, and we'll be able to walk it all right. And by the way—look around, will you, and see if you can find my knapsack—it's a brown sack with straps on it—lying around here somewhere."

It was a strange procession that wound into Duke two hours later. Necessarily, the walk had been a painfully slow one. Errold, perceptibly weaker, was leaning heavily against the shoulder of his young guide, as they approached the steps of the doctor's cottage.

"It's three ribs, I think," he explained to the physician, making an effort to smile. "If you'll fix me up I'll try to find a hotel where I can rest for a day or so, and give the poor bones a chance to heal."

"Hotel nothing!" exclaimed the Doctor, scandalized. "If it's as bad as that you'll not stir out of this house. Here, let me undo this shirt so that I can see just how bad it stand."

With skilful, deft fingers the physician took off Errold's shirt and prodded his torso.

"You're right, young man," he said. "You have three ribs broken and a fourth out of place. It will be two weeks before you can stir from this house." Despite the protestations of Errold, the physician undressed him and put him to bed. Then he set the broken bones and the one whose connecting tendons had been torn and attached splints to keep them from moving. By criss-crossing strips of adhesive tape to Errold's body, he made it rigid in the affected region.

"There, now," said Dr. Carberry. "You lie there and don't move your body any more than is absolutely necessary. If you persist in moving, I'll put you in a plaster-of-Paris cast so that you can't squirm a bit."

Errold felt so cool and comfortable between the clean linen sheets that he assented, and fell asleep presently when the physician left the room. How long he slept he could not remember, but when he awakened he heard voices outside his room in the following colloquy:

First Voice (evidently that of Dr. Carberry)—"I know nothing about him. I only know that he is a young man who came to me with three ribs broken and in such a state of pain and weariness that it would have been barbarous to question him."

Second Voice (strangely familiar, by its surly intonation)—"Had three ribs broke, did he? Wal, Corny Goggin tol' me he found him on the road and ast him who he was, but he didn't tell. Before that Aileen Rydon saved him from killin' his fool self, but he didn't tell her his business in this country. Seems to be keepin' that mighty much to hisself."

First Voice—"Well, Dan, a man has a right to do that."

Second Voice (which Errold has now identified as that of Daniel Batchelor)—"Most men owns up to what they are, Doc, unless they're a mighty sight ashamed of it."

The voices got fainter, and finally Errold heard the closing of what he judged to be an outside door, followed by the clatter of a horse's hoofs and the sound of a buggy. Dr. Carberry opened the door to the bedroom and greeted his patient cheerily.

"Good morning, young man," he said, approaching the bed and turning back the covers. "Now let me see the fractured bones."

Pronouncing himself satisfied with Errold's progress, after the examination, the physician said:

"Young man, I don't know who you are, and I don't care to know. But there was a young fellow in here a few moments ago who was inquiring about you rather sharply. He was Daniel Batchelor, and for some reason or other he seems to have taken a dislike to you. Knowing Daniel as I do, and knowing his power in this community, I thought I had better warn you."

"Why, Doctor," exclaimed Errold, "I have done nothing to Mr. Batchelor, nothing at all. If he has taken a dislike to me, that is his lookout, not mine."

"Spoken like a true man," said Dr. Carberry, admiringly. "But Batchelor has a nasty temper and a way of picking quarrels. He has never lost a fight yet, and there are two or three men hereabouts who went against him, whom he punished terribly. I attended to them afterward, and one in particular, young Collins, almost died."

"Doctor," said Errold, grimly, "no man is going to pick a quarrel with me very easily, but if he succeeds, his past record for fighting will have no effect upon me."

"That's the way I like to hear a young man talk," said the physician. "By the way, do you expect to stay in this neighborhood long?"

"Why, yes, Doctor," answered Errold. "I hope to ramble about the hills here for a while. You see, I'm from Chicago and I am taking a walking trip thru the Ozarks for my health, and to sort of see the country. I like this neighborhood, and think I'll stay a while and explore a bit. By the way, have you had any young women patients lately?"

"Why, let me see?" Dr. Carberry placed the tips of his fingers together, while his chin went up in the manner chins of men have when their owners are reflecting. A quizzical smile played about the Doctor's mouth.

"Come to think of it," he said, after a long pause, "there was a young woman here with a sprained wrist; but you wouldn't know her if I told you her name."

"Maybe I would, too," answered Errold, returning the Doctor's smile, "especially if her name happened to be Miss Rydon."

At this sally the Doctor laughed in turn.

"Was she badly injured?" asked Errold, growing serious.

"Not so badly," answered the Doctor. "Mr. Batchelor brought her here. He seemed to be somewhat angry at a certain young man whom she met on the road, who, he said, was the cause of her injury."

"Oh, ho!" mused Errold. "So that's it. Well, Doc, I'm guilty on the first and second counts. Furthermore, Miss Rydon saved my life at the risk of her own. She did stunts out there on the face of a bluff that I wouldn't have believed a mountain goat could have accomplished. Hence my interest. Was she here yesterday?"

"No. Her father had tied up her wrist with an old strip of rag yesterday, and evidently believed that would cure it. As a matter of fact, he set the wrist right, and did it well, too. But your—ahem—friend, Mr. Batchelor, insisted that she come here and that I treat her wrist this morning."

"Is her injury serious, Doctor?"

"Not if she is as careful as I told her to be. She'll be out long before you will. They do say Dan's been sparking her seriously of late."

"They're not engaged, are they?" Errold asked the question before he was aware of it.

"I don't believe so. Things aren't done in the city way out here, you know. There are no formal announcements of engagements. But I don't think Aileen has promised, as we say."

"Oh, that's her name, is it? Aileen, eh?"

"It's as good as settled, tho," the Doctor continued mercilessly. "Dan holds some sort of mortgage on her father's farm, I believe; and anyway, a young man as rich and handsome as he is, is quite a catch."

Errold said nothing for a few minutes, but appeared to be thinking deeply. The Doctor watched him intently.

"I think I like this country, Doctor," Harold remarked at length. "I think I'll stay here for a spell when I get well."

"Bully for you, my lad!" cried the Doctor, in quite an unprofessional tone. "Anybody that'll run up against those odds has my support, and here's my hand on it."

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. Let us hear from you at once.

## On a Friday.

Mike O'Brien—"Have you any good swordfish?"

Waiter—"Why, no. Never heard of such a thing bein' served around this joint."

O'Brien—"Well, thin, have ye'se any sharks?"

Waiter—"Say, what are you tryin to do, kid somebody? No, of course we ain't got no sharks."

O'Brien—"Do ye'se happen to have any nice whales?"

Waiter—"Say, you big chaw, that's enough of that stuff. Who do you think you're talkin' to, anyway? We ain't got no whales and we never had none. Now what do you want, anyhow?"

O'Brien—"Well, thin, ye'se can bring me a big plate of cornbeef and cabbage, and the Lord Himself knows that I tried to order fish."


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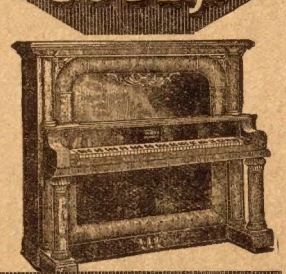

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# HER DUAL LIFE

## Or, THE HIDDEN LODGE

### By ELLA MARTIN

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CHAPTER VI.
HIDDEN LODGE.

ALTHO Helen had made friends with Jacques for a purpose, she did not invite him to share her first visit of investigation. She might need his company, or at least his advice, later, and if so, she felt that she would be able to inveigle him into accompanying her to the spot, since he had been so agreeable.

After her patients' wants were attended to, she made known her intention to take a walk while they entertained each other. She had lifted Theresa into a great armchair filled with soft pillows, and had rubbed her limb and instructed her how to exercise it. Then she had aired the rooms and brought each a fresh bouquet of flowers from the garden back of the house, the old gardener having allowed her to pick them.

Beryl was like a new being. She surprised Helen by her cheerfulness, as she flitted about the rooms, talking to the child in the way she thought would be the most entertaining to her. She pointed out a goldfinch perched on a branch that swayed near the open window. This reminded Theresa of the promise her father had made her, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, papa is going to get me a canary!"

Beryl smiled and came to her side. "We'll have a bird right in the house then, won't we?" Then, turning to Helen, who was putting on her hat, she asked: "Have you written to Aunt Saphronia about—about me?"

"I have written her everything, and have asked her to obtain Dick's address if possible, and send it to me. She'll do it if she can; she never liked the idea of your shipping Dick the way you did, any more than I. But she never believed it was done willfully; she thought there was some mystery about it."

"But, Helen," Beryl protested, with a distressed look on her face, "what good will it do to bring us together now? I have forfeited all right to his love. I have no claim upon him, even if I should have my marriage to Mr. Tennant annulled. But perhaps he won't come here, anyway, when he has learned all."

"Indeed he will, and he will take you away from this nest of vipers. If I know Dick, he will wring the neck of your Platonic mate. You know, Beryl—you can't help knowing what sort of place this is."

"I am beginning to get my eyes open since their baleful influence has been removed. If they remain away from this room—away from my presence, I shall get back to my normal self. Then I may be able to think what is best to do. Helen, do you know you have not yet been twenty-four hours in this house, and I am already a new woman?"

"That is because neither of them has been near you since last night, and you have struggled back into your own personality—or partially so. They are both poison to you. It is probably that instead of arsenic, as I at first mistrusted. However, my accusation served for a bluff; neither of them knows what the other may have done, and it is possible we may have to bluff our way thru. Already they are afraid to oppose me too far. Likely an investigation would reveal other things besides the condition of your health and Theresa's that they would not care to have uncovered. Mr. Tennant really loves his child, or he would wish me at the bottom of the sea, and perhaps see that I got there."

All this time Theresa had been looking over her picture books, and paid no attention to the conversation. Helen was ready to go now, but paused and asked:

"How long has Jacques, as he calls himself, been here?"

"About three weeks, I think. We had a woman cook before that."

"How strange that he should accept a position as cook in an out-of-the-way place like this."

"Yes," murmured Beryl, but she did not quite catch her friend's train of thought.

Helen left Beryl reading a fairy story to Theresa and started for her walk, on what she believed was forbidden ground. She saw no one as she passed down the front stairs, and if any one observed her movements she did not know it.

She wandered idly over the grounds at first, as if with no objective point of view, and then on into the highway, turning in the direction of the town until she was out of sight of the house. Then she crossed over and entered the bushes on the other side of the road. She had donned a dark walking suit for this purpose, and a little street hat, so that she would be less noticeable among the shrubbery. She felt quite sure that no one could see her from the house, which was on a slight eminence almost opposite the location of Hidden Lodge, according to the few who had on several occasions observed a little stream of blue smoke rising above the treetops, visible only to one watching from the third floor.

"I wonder whom Mr. Tennant is hiding there," mused Helen, as she picked her way carefully thru the tangled growth of vegetation. "Some criminal, maybe. Or perhaps he knows nothing about it, as he asserts, and it is some detective searching for criminals. It may be—oh, well, it might be one of several different things. I will stop speculating and go and find out."

The underbrush was so thick that she made progress with difficulty. She could no longer see the road which she had quitted a moment before, and she began to fear she had lost her bearings. Anyway, if she got lost she would have a good excuse to stop at the Lodge, just as the hunter, who had discovered the place, had done several weeks ago—that is, if she was fortunate enough to find it.

She continued in the direction she thought the building was located, but got her feet tangled in running vines, and without a second's warning fell flat among the wild growth. She was too surprised at first to struggle to rise. She was tired, anyway, and would lie there a minute and rest, she thought. She was beginning to feel disgusted and to wonder why she was foolish enough to come.

It was well that she did lie quiet for a while; for tho she did not know it, she was on the very verge of a clearing that surrounded Hidden Lodge. Had she been there a few minutes earlier, or had she fallen a few feet farther ahead, she would surely have been discovered. She realized this presently, when she heard voices, and lay there perfectly still, scarcely breathing. However, she started and nearly betrayed her presence when she recognized Mr. Tennant's voice in conversation with some one not ten feet away. She raised her head cautiously and peered thru the bushes. A man and a woman—the former, Maurice Tennant, and the latter, the beautiful houri, who, rumor said, inhabited the Lodge—were walking back and forth across the narrow stretch of lawn in the little clearing.

As they came nearer Helen she heard Maurice say, in an agonized voice: "Trust me, dear, a little longer. I cannot do as you wish just yet. I am between two fires and know not which way to turn. I cannot even explain to you. Darling, you must trust me."

"If I could only see her, Maurice, if only for a moment."

"Be patient, dear. I promise you that it will not be long now."

"I get so lonely here, Maurice—so very lonely that I think I will die of the monotony of it."

"Don't speak of dying, dearest; it is the one thing I cannot bear."

"How did you bear it then, when you thought you had lost me?" the beautiful woman asked naively, with a worshipful glance into his face.

He shuddered. "I went mad," he said. "I have never been the same man since. But my darling, my darling! I have you now, and we will be happy in spite of the forces of evil which surround us."

"But why did you get into an entanglement with that wicked woman who calls herself Rose Cole? She is an adventuress, and will ruin you in the end!"

"As I told you, dear one, I have been mad—am still not myself always. I seem to be another person by spells. Somehow I must escape the thraldom of a dual personality before I can claim you. I do not know in what way I can wrest myself from this madness, except by finding out its source. At present I am all at sea."

"But the other woman, Maurice? The one you married?" asked the pathetic voice.

"I do not know; I am as puzzled about that as you are. It was done at one of those times when I was not myself—and yet, I, as Maurice Tennant, seemed to view it as one apart. Oh, I cannot explain it! I was under an influence which I could not resist. It seemed that something was urging me on, and that I was obliged to do as I was bidden.

"And since then I have found that she is the only good thing that has entered my life since I lost you—I mean the only one that could inspire the best that is in me. I needed the stimulus for good desperately. I am struggling out of the darkness slowly, very slowly, to be sure; but some day I shall accomplish the transition. I needed the influence of a woman like Beryl to counteract that of the vampire that has captured and held me in her power ever since the fatal night that the ship went down. She saved my life then, and has laid claim to me for that reason.

"It is not only her mesmeric will power that holds me, but, as I have explained to you, she has, because of the baleful influence she exercises over me, got me into entanglements from which I cannot at present extricate myself. We must wait. Meanwhile, do not fear; I love no one but you. Tho there are two who seem to have a claim upon me, I hate the one and reverence the other, but cannot free myself from either as yet."

"It is not the time now to set my captive free. She would be glad to go, if she realized things acutely—which she will soon do; for I am losing my influence over her, especially since the child's nurse came. But to send her away would be the means of my undoing; an investigation into my past would be started at once."

"As for the nurse, I must keep her pacified at all hazards. She has a mind that is alert, and sizes up conditions and things too much to suit me. I dare not send her away nor antagonize her, for she has scented a mystery already. She would not remain silent after leaving my house under present conditions."

"But, Maurice, isn't it dangerous to keep her?"

"It is dangerous either way; but the danger in not so immediate if she stays. You can see, darling, what that woman—that vampire, has brought me to. She will be the ruination of me in spite of all I can do—unless I should become desperate enough to kill her. I wonder I have not thought of that before."

The two had turned and were walking toward the house by this time. Helen drew a long breath of relief. She would be free to rise now, and her position was not any too comfortable. She had not dared to move before lest she should be discovered, and then what? Would her life be in danger? Now that he had thought of doing away with Rose Cole, he might go further and include her in the plot. Well, she concluded, she would be on the lookout for that. And at any rate, she was not afraid.

Before she could regain her feet the couple had turned and were coming back, pacing the green sward with leisurely steps. The woman's gown was a black gauze affair, embroidered in silver, and there was a red rose among the lace on her low-cut corsage. Her purplish-black hair was formed into a fluffy coiffure. Her skin was white with a touch of color in cheeks and lips; her eyes black and bright as twin stars. She walked with a natural, stately grace.

Oh, but she was beautiful, Helen thought, and immediately became dissatisfied with her own commonplace features and her medium height.

"I would give all I know about my profession," she mused, "just to be as


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beautiful as she—whoever she is. I'd be vain, tho, I fear, and perhaps sit beside a pool, admiring my reflection, until I leaned too far in my eagerness and fell into the water and drowned. So perhaps it is just as well that I'm not handsome, for I am needed here.

"She seems intelligent," she went on, still musing, "but she trusts Maurice Tennant further than I would. Maybe, tho, he is all right when clothed in his other nature—he claims to have two. I wonder which one has possession of him now. It's about fifty-fifty, I should say."

They were very near now, and she could see them plainly thru the hedge. They were gazing at each other with passionate fondness. Such devotion was good to see, if only there had been no discord to mar it. If Helen had not been behind the scenes and known the nature of the man in the case, she might have thought it ideal.

Maurice was certainly handsome, too, at that moment, his eyes shining with tenderness for the woman beside him, his lips smiling.

Helen forgot her uncomfortable position among the branches and underbrush, while gazing upon such loverlike devotion, as the two paused under a low-spreading tree. But she hoped they would soon turn again and leave her free to escape. Instead, they seated themselves on a rustic bench; their backs toward her, and continued their conversation. She relaxed her taunt muscles then, lying limp on the bed of brambles on which she had fallen, one hand placed beneath her head for support. She could not hear all that they said now, but she caught his words, as he vowed in vehement tones:

"Do not fear, dear one, that my love will ever fail you! You have known all along that the golden-haired woman is not my wife—has never been. She has no place in my heart—only in my mind. She is merely the embodiment of an ideal that inspires me to rebel against the octopus who has me entangled in her net. Rose's influence over me is waning, just as my power over Beryl is vanishing. It is one and the same influence, perhaps, and must cease at the same time. Rose swayed me completely; I had no chance at all until I found vent for the mesmeric influence by using it on others. She was the instigator of that, never dreaming it would lessen its strength, and leave me partly free. Beryl is my best subject, so nearly all in my employment are partly under my control, except the nurse. Miss Milston has such a mind of her own I can do nothing with her—only to make the best of having admitted her to my household."

The woman murmured something which Helen did not catch, but she saw them embrace and their lips meet. They were so absorbed in each other that she wondered if she could not creep away unheard. But the first move she made a twig snapped, and she became still, with bated breath. She peeped thru the bushes uneasily. They had risen, and she rose to her feet with the intention of taking refuge in flight. She had given up hope of escaping detection. They must have heard the twig snap. To her it sounded like a rifle ball.

But they had turned away and were moving toward the Lodge, and so she waited until they had disappeared from her sight behind the vine-covered trellis of the porch. Then she hurried away as fast as the tangled growth at her feet would permit. Once out upon the highway, she did not care whether she was seen or not, and being out of breath, she proceeded more slowly.

Her eyes were shining and her cheeks flushed when she entered the kitchen where Jacques was busy preparing luncheon. He paused in his work and regarded her admiringly, but with such a quizzical expression that her thoughts flew back to a summer five years ago, when just such teasing eyes as his had kept her continually on the defensive; and she felt that she was going to be placed in somewhat the same position now.

Before he could make the bantering remark that she felt was trembling on his tongue, she asked cheerfully:

"How are my patients, I wonder? Have they missed me?"

"How could they help missing one so attentive and devoted that she deserts them for the greater part of the forenoon?"

He was smiling broadly, but she knew it was the truth.

"I will go to them at once," she hastened to reply. "I was detained."

She did not feel called upon to explain to him, but it was her nature to defend herself, whether she was at fault or not.

"There is no hurry at all. The mistress rang for her maid some time ago. Whatever she may have wanted, the service has been rendered by this time. So you might as well have luncheon before you go up."

Helen did not answer. All the time she was trying to remember where she had seen him before.

"Do Frenchmen all wear a mustache and goatee?" she asked abruptly.

He looked at her strangely. "Who said I am French?"

"No one," she answered, glancing at him quizzically. "But if you are not French that face decoration must be a disguise."

She was turning away with a satisfied smile, for she had discovered his identity in a twinkling, when he remarked, evidently to cover his confusion:

"I forgot to tell you that Miss Cole is with Mrs. Tennant and the child."

Helen forgot everything then but the peculiar danger her patients were subjected to by this woman's presence. Who or what he was concerned her less than did their safety.

"Rose Cole?" she exclaimed, springing toward the door. "Great Heavens!"

## CHAPTER VII.
### THE VAMPIRE'S WORK.

HELEN, the nurse, was not long in reaching the apartments where she had left Beryl and Theresa together. She entered only to find everything quiet and Miss Cole not in sight. In the bedroom she found both Mrs. Tennant and the child asleep. The windows were down and the shades drawn, but she could see even in the dim light that they were pale and unnatural looking. She raised the shades and opened the windows, then felt the pulse of each, finding it slow and feeble in both cases. The cool breeze sweeping across her face caused Beryl to stir slightly. Helen flew to the medicine cabinet for the brandy bottle. Diluting some of the brandy with water, she administered it to first one and then the other with difficulty. By bathing their faces in cool water she succeeded in arousing them, but neither showed much energy or wakefulness.

Helen finally concluded that no drugs had been administered, and therefore no drugs would be needed to restore their benumbed consciousness. Only time could do that. But she went below, locking the door behind her and carrying the key in her pocket She hastened to make some coffee, and while it was steeping she said to the cook, very gravely:

"Are you susceptible to hypnotic influence?"

"No," he answered, "and I hope you are not."

"Why?"

"Because there's a lot of it lying around loose in this house, and it'll get you, if you don't watch out. As for me, I have a sort of hypnotic eye myself; I can hold my own with the best of them."

"Well, I haven't," replied Helen; "but I've a temper."

"Yes, I know you have," he answered.

But Helen, without speaking or giving another glance in his direction, caught up her coffeepot and hastened away. When she had given the woman and child some of the strong black coffee, she felt that she had done all that was in her power to do. It would take time for the effects of Miss Cole's machinations to wear off. She regretted that she had ever left the house.

After a while her patients recovered enough to talk to her, but both soon dropped into a refreshing slumber, and she felt free to leave them. She looked the house over for Rose Cole. Her anger seetned against this woman, also against the master, who was leaving Beryl and the child exposed to the venom of one whose power for evil he knew only too well, and whose blighting influence he himself had felt.

On making inquiries, she was told by one of the maids that the tall woman had gone to the third floor, and tho she had been warned not to trespass there, she did not hesitate a moment to seek Miss Cole on forbidden ground. A long corridor ran from the landing the length of the floor; off of this were the closed rooms. At the end of this corridor was a window at which Rose stood, gazing out in the direction of Hidden Lodge. She turned in a startled manner on hearing Helen's steps, and her black eyes blazed with anger.

"How dare you intrude here?" she cried, drawing herself erect. "You shall suffer for this!"

"First, let me inform you, Miss—whoever you are"—the tall woman winced at this—"that I dare do anything. But I came up here to learn why you have dared interfere with my patients. Also to inform you that if you ever enter my apartments again I will telephone the police. You have wrought harm enough with them before I came. You are to let them strictly alone after this. Do you understand?

"As for coming to this part of the house, I won't hurt your old third floor, and I'm not afraid of anything hurting me."

"Don't be so sure of that. Your effrontery deserves punishment. I have a notion to fling you from the window."

"No doubt your will is good, but while you were raising the window I should pitch you out on your head, which would either kill you or upset your dignity."

Miss Cole bit her lip till the blood came. Her fingers writhed as if itching to be about the nurse's throat. "I could kill you where you stand!" she ground out.

"Well," replied Helen, coolly, "I haven't even a toothpick to defend myself with. But I imagine I am more agile than you, and you would look so ridiculous chasing me, Tall, queenly women can't run to advantage."

Tears of anger rose to the woman's eyes. She looked like a tigress about to spring. But to show fear at this stage of the other's fury Helen believed would be to invite disaster.

"The audacity of it! You, a servant in the house, to defy everybody as you have ever since you entered it."

"I gave Mr. Tennant his choice—to give me carte blanche with regard to my patients or to discharge me. He permitted me to stay—he was afraid to do otherwise."

Helen knew, as she saw the other wince, that she had hit the mark, and went on relentlessly:

"I am in Mrs. Tennant's employ now, and shall accept dismissal only from her. Meanwhile I will brook no interference, not even from the master, as you are pleased to call him.

"And there is another thing, Miss Cole, that you might as well understand, lest you should be tempted to try your machinations on me. I am not susceptible to mesmeric influence, and it would be your undoing to harm me in any way. I have written a full description of circumstances here and my suspicions concerning the closeted skeletons in this house to my aunt in Philadelphia. If once she should miss receiving my daily letter she would set the whole Pinkerton force loose upon your tracks, and my impressions concerning this mysterious place would be published in every newspaper in the land. How long do you think the secret behind those closed doors would remain undiscovered if harm should come to me? I do not carry firearms, but I am protected against treachery—or, at least, my untimely death would be avenged. You are as much in my power as Mr. Tennant is in yours, and


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Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

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it is best not to make an enemy of me."

The menacing look on the tall woman's face told the nurse it was only because of the protective net she had woven for herself that her life would be safe as an inmate of that mysterious house. But Miss Cole's set lips did not open, and Helen continued:

"I don't care a snap for ghosts and goblins—or whatever they are. All I want is not to be interfered with in my work, and that harm shall not come to Mrs. Tennant or Theresa thru you."

She did not wait for an answer, but turned and went leisurely down the stairs leading from the third floor to the landing opposite her own apartments. She had not paused to consider whether it was best to play such a high-handed game; but she believed she could get better results that way, and there was no time to spare if she would save those two from the human leech that had nearly sapped their life's blood. She felt that she now had them hedged in from danger, since she had had it out with both the master and Rose Cole. There was no one else to plot against them, unless it should be the lady of the Lodge, who, to all appearances, was Maurice Tennant's latest love. But she would cope with a new danger when it threatened them, and not borrow trouble.

She found Beryl walking back and forth as if trying by exercise to shake off the thrall of the spell under which she had been held. She was beginning to realize it seemed, just what it was that had undermined her health, robbed her of her will power, and was fast paralyzing her every faculty. She turned, as Helen entered the room, and exclaimed:

"I am glad you have come! I feel so much safer when you are near. We should have been all right—Theresa and I—if that woman had kept away from us. I believe, Helen, that I can resist her after this, now that I know what she is up to."

"She will not come here again. I have had it out with her and have forbidden her to come near either of you again, and I do not think she will dare disobey. She would liked to have killed me for my presumption, but she's cornered and helpless. She'll have to take it out in hating me."

"Oh, you don't know, Helen what that woman will do! You ought not to have provoked her enmity."

"Haven't you tried peaceable submission long enough to learn that it won't get anywhere? By a bold stroke I have donned a suit of armor. Both Rose Cole and Maurice Tennant know that to harm me would be to bring about their own ruin."

"But there, I shouldn't be talking like this to you. It is too agitating to one in your condition to listen to my ranting. I wasn't cut out for a nurse—any one can see that. There is too much that is disturbing in my make-up."

Beryl laughed quietly. "You certainly do keep one's blood in circulation, dear; but it may be better for your patients than to let them stagnate. Until you came the blood seemed frozen in my veins. You are a good antidote to the poisonous atmosphere of this place. I have breathed freer because of your protective presence. Besides, Helen, it is so good to see an old friend once more. I am beginning to realize it as I come to myself, after a prolonged lethargy, and I can never feel grateful enough to you for coming to my assistance."

Helen did not reply, for just then Theresa stirred, and she turned to lift the little girl out of the hot bed and place her among some pillows in a big armchair. Beryl came forward and took the tiny hand in her own.

"Do you feel better, dear?" she asked. "Mamma has recovered since her sleep. Did your nap do you good, too?"

Theresa smiled languidly. "I don't know," she said. "I feel so hot."

Helen took the child's pulse, then her temperature, and looked at Beryl gravely. Afterward she straightened the bed, bathed the little body and placed it between fresh sheets.

"Oh," cried Theresa, "the bed feels so cool and nice now!"

But the fever had not abated, and Helen remarked: "Her father must see her, but you must not see her father, Beryl. Go into my bedroom and lock the door. He won't attempt to see you, likely; but we'll be on the safe side, lest he might have been in the presence of that Werewolf and become recharged with hypnotism."

Beryl obeyed without a word, and when Joan had answered the nurse's ring she was told to send the child's father up at once. Mr. Tennant was in good spirits when he entered the room, and a light of happiness was shining on his face. Evidently he had not been in the vampire's presence since hearing his charmer at Hidden Lodge. Helen went to the point at once.

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The Bayles Distributing Company of 1858 Grand avenue, Kansas City, Mo., wants everyone suffering from chronic leg sores to write for a free sample of Anti-Flamma Poultice Plaster. It stops the itching around sore and heals while you work. Write to-day.—Adv.

"Mr. Tennant I have sent for you because your child seems to be feverish, and I want your consent to send for a physician, if her condition gets beyond my control."

The look of happiness immediately left the face of Theresa's father. He leaned over the bed and looked upon his child with adoring eyes. The nurse was watching him, and she thought him truly handsome at that moment. After taking the little hand caressingly, he glanced at Helen, who stood at the foot of the bed, and asked:

"What has made her worse? Has she—been here?"

Helen nodded.

"I thought," he said, slowly, "that you would be ample protection. You have so much more spirit—I might say, temper—than any nurse I have had for Theresa, that I placed confidence in you. And I had given you authority."

"And I have used it at last. I have forbidden Miss Cole to cross the threshold of that door while I am in charge here, and I do not think she will tamper with my patients again. She knows the penalty."

"Mrs. Tennant was in no better condition, but has recovered more quickly. She is out of danger, I think. No, you must not go near her," she hastened to add. "Your presence is as blighting as that of the woman you call Miss Cole."

He dropped Theresa's hand, and turned upon her with a look of wonder and displeasure.

"Who would you call her," he demanded, at length, "if not Miss Cole?"

"I should call her Mrs. Tennant," Helen rushed on; "at any rate, she is mistress here, instead of the other—the woman whom you claim is your wife."

What his sensations were she could not guess, for he averted his face, and drawing forth a handkerchief from the side pocket of his coat, coughed into its folds. The nurse thought she heard a faint thud, as if something hard had fallen from his pocket onto the soft carpet; but she paid no attention to it just then, for Theresa stirred restlessly, and she stooped to turn her on her pillow.

"Oh, papa!" cried the child, and the man lifted her to his breast and held her close for a space; and when he placed the tender little fellow again, Helen saw a tear fall upon the little face.

When at last he turned toward Helen he did not look at her directly.

"Send for a doctor if necessary—if you think you cannot manage the case yourself. She must not die now—my little Theresa. Oh, she must not die now—now!"

He went from the room, leaving Helen wondering at his meaning. She could easily guess, however, why a man of Judith, as he appeared to be, wanted a physician only when it became absolutely necessary. The very atmosphere of the place invited curiosity concerning its inhabitants.

As she turned toward the bed again, she stepped on the object that had fallen from Maurice Tennant's pocket when he had pulled out his handkerchief. She glanced at her feet and beheld something bright and shiny, then remembered hearing it fall—a sound which Mr. Tennant had not noticed. She snatched the object from the floor, recognizing it instantly.

"Heavens!" she breathed, in surprise. For she held in her hand the necklace she had been robbed of on the train, while on her way to this house of mystery.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

## PURELY PERSONAL.

"Fat!" exclaimed Mrs. Connery, indignantly. "There isn't a word in the English language I so thoroly despise! I don't see why a person can't be called 'plump', 'inclined to be stout', or something besides that obnoxious word fat."

"But, my dear," interrupted the well-meaning friend, "you know you are about thirty pounds over weight, and one couldn't truthfully call you anything but—but the word you don't like."

"And, may I ask," Mrs. Connery returned freezingly, "why you should feel compelled to call me anything at all? I don't catalog all my friends' shortcomings—I don't feel it's my Christian duty to inform each one that they're too fat, or too skinny, or something equally unpleasant. There isn't a single person I know who really is the correct weight for their height—they're either ten or twenty pounds to the bad one way or the other. Now, take yourself for instance——"

"I see no reason for bringing me into the discussion, at all," loftily replied the well meaning friend. "That's always the way—if you try to do a good turn, try to point out people's deficiencies, they immediately begin getting personal."

"I suppose you weren't getting personal when you so sweetly mentioned my thirty pounds excess weight! Since when did you become an authority on the exact number of pounds at which perfect specimens of feminine beauty should tip the scales? If you, yourself, would only drop a penny in the slot of any one of those machines on the elevated platforms you'd find that you're pounds and pounds under weight, and take it from me, no man likes to feel that the wife of his bosom runs around looking as if a square meal was the one thing in life she really needed. It's an out and out reflection on his financial condition——"

"Have you quite finished!" the well meaning friend inquired in an I'd-never-descend-to-your-level tone. "We'll pass all your kind remarks as to my emaciated appearance and my husband's ability to buy me nourishing food, but let me tell you, Eliza Connery, the woman who allows herself to get fat signs her own death warrant so far as domestic happiness is concerned.

"Obesity has been the cause of more matrimonial shipwrecks than you'd care to think about. You needn't get so red in the face—it doesn't do a bit of good to lose one's temper when one hears a few plain truths, and so long as this conversation has become so personal, I intend to have my say.

"Does John Connery have a stenographer who's inclined to be stout? He does not, and you're the one that knows it! Were you like the knob of some chain of mountains when he married you—truth compels you to admit that you were not! What's the answer?"

Mrs. Connery, burning with wrath, wreathed her face in a desperate smile.

"My dear," she purred, "I trust, tho overburdened with fat, that I shall never forget my obligations as a hostess. When you 'phoned you were coming I had Bedella make some of her delicious cream puffs, and her cocoa with floating marshmallows—most nourishing, you know."

Leaning forward, she continued sweetly and confidingly, "I do wish you would eat plenty of eggs and potatoes! Drink milk, too, tho the price of everything is outrageous. You know it never pays to consider expense when one is in your rundown condition.

"Honestly, if you were only about twenty pounds fatter you'd lose that haggard, drawn look, and, my dear, I'm sure you wouldn't look a day older than you really are."

* * *

## The Duke's Joke.

When the British were storming Badajoz the Duke of Wellington rode up and, observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered "Taylor."

"A very good name, too," said the Duke. "Cheer up, my men, our Taylor will soon make a pair of breaches in the walls!"

At this sally the men forgot their danger, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

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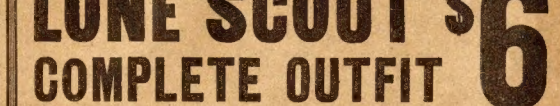

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**Order direct from this ad. The W. D. Boyce Co. stands back of it.**

**Be sure to state age, height and weight, leg measurement (around the calf) for leggings, and also size of hat.**

If you want us to prepay postage or express, find out amount and inclose with order. Shipping weight of complete outfit, including hat, is four pounds.

***LONE SCOUT SUPPLY COMPANY, 512 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.***

The only Company that supplies Official Lone Scout outfits and equipment.

B-7

# The Bellwether.

(Continued From Page 3.)

mounted and cautiously approached the wether where he grazed not far away.

"Now," the sergeant turned to Plummer, "we'll see what you've got to say. Tell me what that sheep has under his wool?"

"Not a d—d thing but blood and mutton!" Plummer answered profanely, with a defiant glare at Corbin. "If he has, these two skunks put it there to make a frame on me, Sergeant."

The policeman grinned dryly. "You're telling the truth there, at any rate," he remarked. "You'll be due for some explaining, I fancy, if that wether delivers anything uncommon. What do you say?" He turned to Corbin.

"That your men will find an American dime under the skin of that wether's left shoulder," the ranger replied promptly. "The date on the coin is 1901 and there is a small x scratched just over the date."

The sergeant made no comment. He merely turned one eye on his men and the now struggling sheep, while he kept the other on Cap Plummer. In response to a secret signal, the rustlers had suddenly become the axis of a grim circle of policemen, who took good care not to leave a single loophole in their ranks. Presently the two men let the wether go, and one of them handed his officer a small object, which the latter held up so that all eyes might see it. It was a silver dime. For an instant the sergeant closely scrutinized the little coin; then he slipped it into his pocket.

"Corporal Flynn," he rasped, in his official voice, "you will disarm the prisoners and prepare to remove them to barracks. Mr. Corbin, I must ask you and your friend to accompany us. This looks like a case for the magistrate and your evidence will be needed, I fancy."

* * *

## He Subsided.

At a small social gathering recently the talk fell upon that somewhat well-worn topic, mother-in-law. One of the party, Mr. Z——, who is himself not the most amiable of men, indulged in a good deal of cheap sarcasm at the expense of the ladies in questions.

"Nevertheless, gentlemen," he concluded, with a self-approving smile, "you will scarcely believe it, but the fact is I lived five years in the house with my mother-in-law, and we never had a single quarrel. What do you think of that?"

"I think," said a dry old Scotsman who was present—"I think that it speaks vera weel for yer mother-in-law, ma man."

And Z—— subsided, amid general laughter.

* * *

## Good Advice.

Richard Harding Davis once met a writer of the pessimistic realistic school, so justly unpopular among magazine editors.

"Our magazines are all rotten," said the pessimistic realist. "I can write a story in a day, but I'll be hanged if I can sell it in three months."

"Maybe, tho," said Mr. Davis, "if you wrote your story in three months you'd be able to sell it in a day."

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### A MARKET ORDER.

One egg (we'll keep for company) is all we can afford,
So in your memorandum, John, you may put one egg down;
Three small potatoes you may get—
'twill break into our hoard—
Still we must be respectable since we have moved to town.

We used to buy a quart of milk for five cents—on the square;
And often we had in the house two fresh quarts at a time.
This morning get a cent's worth, John—
'tis all that we can spare;
To buy a pint—extravagance—'twere counted as a crime!

I'd like to have a loaf of bread, but that must never be;
Say, get two slices if you can—we'll try to make that do.
The children shall eat cheaper food, I think we must agree.
We'll save the bread for Uncle Luke, Aunt Mary and Aunt Sue.

Some sugar? I almost forgot; a drachm's worth I could use.
But—ought we to get quite so much—not on account of heft,
For William needs an overcoat and Jane a pair of shoes;
Still John, order a grain or two—if you have money left.

* * *

## VIRTUES ACCLAIMED.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Claypool dropped in at the Partridges to pass an hour. The air was a little too cool for comfort on the veranda, so the four gathered in the living-room. George Partridge brought out the cigars, and while he and Claypool smoked the women "visited." Mrs. Claypool did most of the talking.

"I see you've had your floors done over," remarked Mrs. Claypool after the weather had been disposed of. "I declare, they're perfectly lovely! I've been wanting to have ours fixed up, but everything is so high now that Roderick is going to do the work himself. Roderick is good about things like that around the house, if I do say it before him. Don't shake your head, Roderick," she added, looking at her husband, "you know you are. I often say, Mrs. Partridge, that I have the best husband in all the world. The only disagreements we ever have are because he doesn't want me to work so hard."

"That's mighty fine cigar, George," remarked Claypool, in the hope that he could stem the tide. But he failed miserably.

"Yes, indeed," continued Mrs. Claypool, "if Roderick has a fault it is that he is too good to me. He called me up Wednesday afternoon and asked me to come to the city and take lunch with him. Then we went to the matinee and saw a perfectly wonderful show."

"That's a great show—'Up Hill and Down Dale,'" here interjected Claypool, grasping at another slim chance to switch the subject. Before the others could help out, Mrs. Claypool had again taken up the thread of conversation.

"Last week a man came to the door and said he had a present for me, and he brought in—what do you think?—a washing machine! Just what I've been wishing for, ever so long! And I had not even mentioned it to Roderick! That's what I call thoughtfulness, and really sometimes I feel as if I were not worth all the attention he gives me. He's always thinking up some new way to make things easier for me."

Mrs. Claypool was running on high gear now, and the others had given up any thought of diverting her from her theme.

"But the greatest surprise of all came yesterday. I had abandoned the idea of going away this year, on account of everything being so unsettled, you know. Roderick came home with a pocketful of vacation folders, and he's figured out the nicest trip for me; three weeks at Crestville—it's a perfectly wonderful place, you know; then two weeks on the lakes; and then finishing with two weeks more at mother's, up in Wisconsin! I'm going to take the children, and Roderick insists that I go over town tomorrow and buy a complete outfit for the children and myself. It just seems too good to be true. I suppose when I get back he'll have the house fixed up so lovely I'll hardly know it."

After the Claypools had left, George Partridge made the customary rounds of the house silently. He locked doors and windows and made everything snug for the night. Finally he turned to Mrs. Partridge and said:

"Well, my dear, every time we spend an evening with the Claypools I feel like a two-spot. It seems to me that there's no use of my trying to butt into Claypool's class at all. He's just naturally a human angel, with a copyright on all the virtues. He is a fine fellow at that, but somehow the way she raves about him makes me feel like a wife beater."

Mrs. Partridge smiled, put her arms around the homely man, and pulled his head down so that she could kiss him on the bald spot just above his forehead.

"Don't worry about it," she said. "I'm pretty well satisfied. Aren't you?"

* * *

## Following.

"I don't know the way myself," said Ramble to his guest, "but we can get Stuliks to steer us. He can go ahead in his machine and we can follow in mine."

"Excuse me," replied the guest to Ramble, "but if it's the same to you I'd rather not. I once followed a man that way, and it was the worst experience I ever had."

"Oh, but old Stuliks is a fine fellow—nothing like that," protested Ramble. "He always keeps an eye on you and when he sees that he's getting too far ahead he stops and waits for you. When it comes to stopping and waiting, old Stuliks is a wonder. In fact, he overdoes it. The last time he steered me any place he stopped eleven times on my account and eleven on his own.

"When he wasn't waiting for me I was waiting for him. He does all his tire pumping and gasoline and water taking and visiting and getting out and under when he is acting as guide over roads unknown to the rest of the party, so the fellow, or fellows, being steered are not taken on any sort of a mad dash at all."

"Yes, I know," persisted the guest. "That's the way it's done when you're going, but not when you're coming back. The more waiting the guide does on the way going the more he rushes you thruout the return trip. At least that's the way it was with my scout. He waited for me and I waited for him going, but as soon as the time came to start for home he said, 'Gee whiz! It's late! And I've got an appointment! We'll sure have to hit her up some going back!' With that he waved and away he went.

"Z-z-zip! He went around a corner, Z-z-zip! I bobbled after him. Whiz-zz! Honk, honk! He spun around another machine. Whizz-zz! Honk, honk! I hung on to the wheel for dear life. I didn't like the speed at all, but I didn't know the way and had no maps or charts or compasses or stars or anything to guide me, and I didn't want to get lost away out there. So I just had to hang on.

"Zowie! Swish! He rounded a curve and got out of my sight. Zowie! Swish! I rounded the same curve, tickled to death to be still on the road and him in sight again. The telegraph poles went by like scissors and my eyes got full of dust. I lost my hat, ran out of oil and water, the carburetor quit carbing, somebody in the back seat yelled an appeal which I didn't listen to for fear it would be something that would make me stop, and I couldn't afford to stop, because I had to keep that machine in sight. And so, if you please, I say never again."

* * *

## The Alternative.

The knight of the road was weary and footsore. He knocked at several doors, but could get no answer. At last he came to a house where a young woman was washing the step. He hung over the gate, and in a very threatening voice said:

"Hi, missus, gie me a drink o' milk, or else——"

Before he could finish his sentence a manly voice from within shouted:

"Or else what?"

"Or else a drink of water," whined the tramp.


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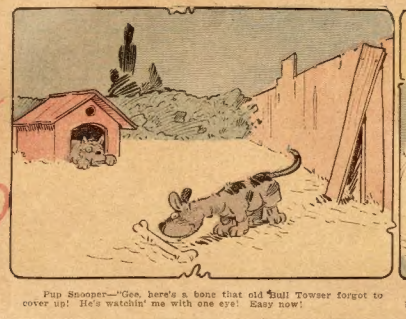
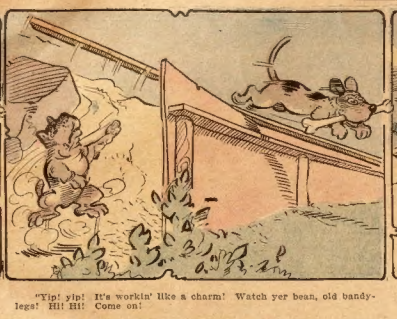
# BUMPED FOR A BONE

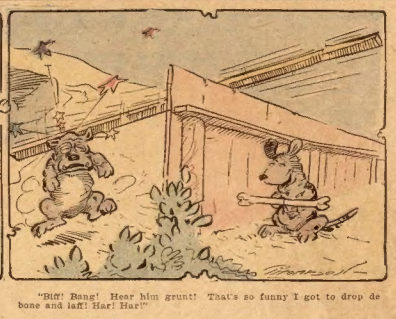


Pup Snooper—"Gee, here's a bone that old Bull Towser forgot to cover up! He's watchin' me with one eye! Easy now!

"But I believe I can make my getaway with it and give him a run for his money! Here goes!



"Yip! yip! It's workin' like a charm! Watch yer bean, old bandy-legs! Hi! Hi! Come on!



"Biff! Bang! Hear him grunt! That's so funny I got to drop de bone and laff! Har! Har!"

**A Fitting Name.**

Mrs. Sprinky—"They've named their country place the Breakers."

Mr. Sprinky—"Very appropriate! They were dead broke after they bought it."

**Would Be Harrowing.**

"I wonder why we seldom see a woman running a department store?"

"A woman could never bear to part with all those bargains."

**His Knowledge.**

"Do you know that feller to speak to?"

"Nope!" replied Mr. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "Just to shoot at occasionally."—Judge.

**Up and Down.**

"I threw up a good position to please that girl.

"Did she appreciate the sacrifice?"

"No, she didn't; she threw me down."

**Just Wondering.**

"Did you know that he was once the lightweight champion of this town?"

"Was he? I've been wondering where he got his lightweight training. We buy our groceries from him."—Judge.

Mrs. Slobrowsky—"What makes your hands so dirty, Jan? Have you been washing your face?"

**A Literal Young Man.**

Some people are too literal for anything. A young man gave a graphic description of a narrow escape that he recently had had from an enraged bull.

"I seized him by the tail," he exclaimed, "and there I was. I was afraid to hold on, and I dare not let go."

"Between the horns of a dilemma, as it were," ventured a young lady, very much interested.

"No," replied the young man. "I wasn't between the horns at all; an' besides, he wasn't a dilemma; he was a Jersey."

**THE WAR GARDENER.**

He leans upon his trusty hoe,
Brow nark with a forbidding frown,
And sees the hucksters come apd go,
Crying their wares that have gone down.

He guards his green potato hills
'Gainst cater bugs and droughts and doods,
And fluctuates twixt fears and thrills
As he reflects on them 'ere spuds.

"Why don't you dig?" the neighbors cry!
"Why don't you dig?" the hucksters shout;
"The time to dig has long gone by—
What have you got? We must find out!"

The gardener smiles a wicked smile,
The cup of vengeance he drinks deep,
"I'll dig them taters after while;
"But not," says he, "while spuds is cheap!

"What's in them hills they cannot tell!"
He mutters, "Nor do I know what.
But while they don't they've got to sell,
'Cording to what they fear I've got!

"It may be I ain't got enough
For one square meal, but anyways,
I buys truck cheap by this here bluff,
I tell you, back yard gardenin' pays!"

**Quite Impossible.**

An Irishman in a town in the South was careless enough to let his priest catch him emerging from a saloon with a demijohn under him arm. The priest waited for him and said:

"Mike, what is it you have in that demijohn?"

"Whisky, sir."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To me and me brother Pat, sir."

"Well, Mike, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't father," said Mike, "mine's on the bottom."

**A Hard Job.**

There had been a quarrel in the street, and in the ensuing fight one of the belligerents had died.

Pat Muldoon was duly charged with the murder, and poor Mrs. Muldoon sought high and low for means to help her husband. At last she discovered that an acquaintance of his was to serve on the jury.

To him she went, offering her savings of $10 if he would induce his colleagues to bring in a verdict of "manslaughter."

The verdict was duly returned and Mrs. Muldoon hurried to the friend in need.

"Here y'are, Mike!" she said. "May the powers bless ye! Here's the $10. Did ye have much of a hard job?"

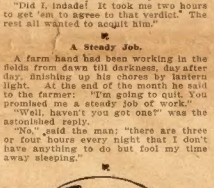
"Did I, indade! It took me two hours to get 'em to agree to that verdict. The rest all wanted to acquit him."

**A Steady Job.**

A farm hand had been working in the fields from dawn till darkness, day after day, finishing up his chores by lantern light. At the end of the month he said to the farmer: "I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man; "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do but fool my time away sleeping."



Minister—"Willie, do you know where little boys go who fish on the Sabbath day?"

Willie—"Sure. I'll show you the place for a nickel."

**Her Idea About It.**

"Don't you think mothers should stay at home with their children?" asked a callow youth, eager to score off a well-known suffragette who had just spoken.

"Well," she said, her voice taking an earnest, intimate note, "I don't know about that, but I do think children should stay at home with their mothers."

**The Danger.**

"There's one thing about this prohibition in Crimson Gulch that I'm a little afraid of," said Broncho Bob.

"Why, you all look better."

"Yes. But it's liable to result in great loss of life. It has steadied our nerves so that everybody shoots with unerring accuracy."

**One Chance.**

He—"Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?"

She—"I can't think of a single thing unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man before we get married."

**His Long Sentences.**

Dowser—"There goes Judge Wurdleigh. In addition to his being a fine jurist, he has the reputation of being a master of the English language."

Bowser—"That may be, but I don't like his sentences; they are too long. It to take took me six months to get to the end of one of them."

**Injustice.**

"Dese high prices is workin' a heap of injustice," remarked Erastus Pinkley.

"In what way?"

"Poultry an' eggs is gettin' so precious dat if you happens to give shelter to some homeless pullet dey's liable to charge you wif grand larceny."

**Misleading Announcements.**

Vicar (at village Red Cross concert)—"Miss Jones will sing again—I cannot Tell You Why!"

**Interested.**

"That summer boarder of ours is interested in that line of work."

"Huh!"

"He's a divorce lawyer."

**His Status.**

"That young nobleman is considered to be a person of some importance in fashionable circles."

"I mean peer glass."

**The Marriageable Age.**

Hicks—"Of course, every married woman believes that the proper age for matrimony is the age at which she married."

Wicks—"Unless she happens to be a great widow and then she hastens to declare that she was entirely too young when she married the first time."

**An Impromptu Joke.**

"Where are my tennis things?" demanded the wife of the professional humorist.

"Look in the nursery. You will generally find a racket and hawl there," replied the professional humorist, making a note on his cuff.

**Intellectual Rest.**

"De man dat talks de loudest," said Uncle Eben, "generally lets his voice droop workin' while his mind rests."

**A Get-Rich-Quick Scheme.**

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouts Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

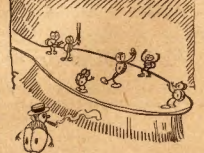
"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"

**His Exact Location.**

Messages had come to the office of a great illustrated paper that Zeppelins were approaching London.

The editor at once summoned his staff of photographers.

"Now, boys, we've got to have a picture of this Zepp. We were badly beaten on the last. The moment it approaches I want every man to rush to the roof with his camera and stay there, whatever happens, until he gets a picture. Let me know directly you get it. You'll find me under the heap of coal-bags in the right-hand corner of the lower cellar."



Spectator—"Ha, ha! Look at the brush league game."

**Willie Guessed Wrong.**

Willie had disobeyed again and his mother had sent for a switch, declaring that she meant to "wear him out."

"Now, Willie," she demanded solemnly, "do you know what I'm going to do with this switch?"

"Yes'm," he answered promptly, "you're going to shake it at me and say, 'Willie Parsons, if you ever do that again I'll switch you good'."

But she didn't.

**No Ill of the Dead.**

"Whose funeral is that?"

"The Hon. Saul Slickery's," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "It is not customary to speak ill of the dead, and so I'll just say that he was a member of the Legislature for two terms."—Judge.

**Ready Youth.**

Mother—"Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school. Now I want to know how it happens that your hands smell of fish?"

Johnny—"I carried home the Sunday school paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale."

**CAN-CAN IN THREE CANTOS.**

Do you know old Hi Costa,
The grocery man.
Who sells cheese and crackers
And beans in the can,
Macaroni, spaghetti,
Dill pickles and rice,
Dried apples and pumpkins
And ham by the slice?

If you know old Hi Costa
Then you know the man
Who is tacking the price
On the stuff in the can.
So take this advice
From your old Uncle Dan—
Tell your wife while she's canning
To can all she can.

Let those who can can
Can all they can can,
And they should teach others
So they, too, can can;
For those who can can
If they can all they can.
Can can old Hi Costa,
The grocery man.

**Followed Instructions.**

"Children," said the teacher to her class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in you."

As a result of this advice 8-year-old Richard passed in the following composition:

"We will not attempt any flights of fancy, but rite just what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, liver, two apples, two cakes, and my dinner."

**Correct.**

An Englishman was trying to take a rise out of an Irishman the other day.

"Well, Pat, did you ever learn grammar?"

"Of course I did," says Pat.

"Well, here's a sentence: 'The man broke his leg.' Now, what case is man?"

"A hospital case," replied Pat.

**Later Variation.**

"Sentimental people used to study the language of flowers."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but you can't blame us, under the circumstances, if we study the language of cabbage and tomatoes."

"What's Jimmie so stuck up about?"

"Ain't you heard? His big brother organized a baseball team and appointed Jimmie official home plate sweeper."

**A Sissy.**

"My nephew, Leslie Postlewaite Snicker, was his mother's pride and joy," said old Peter N. Prodd. "When he was small she dressed him in dainty garments until it was hard to determine whether he was his mamma's precious pet or a performing monkey. As he grew up she selected his neckties and his associates, and gratified his every wish until he became as pronounced a sissy and painful sight as I ever witnessed. And then he married a square-shouldered young widow with four children and red hair, and never knew what struck him."—Judge.

## "BEN BOLT"—The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the days, Ben Bolt:
The days we just had to be bad?
With bellow and yell and stampeding pell-mell
In defiance of Mother and Dad.

"Does your husband go fishing"?

"Yes."

"And does he catch anything?"

"Yes. I heard him telling a friend how, after great patience and perseverance, he caught his third ace."

Her Future Husband—"I'm afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I've saved up."

Mrs. Reno-Freed (cheeringly)—"Never mind, dear. A wedding trip only happens once in three or four years."

# THE EYE OF SIVA

## Or, POOLS OF FLAME

### By JAMES EDMOND CASEY

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 36, September 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

TABOO.

THAT scribbled name on the cuff explained it all. The quiet, unassuming, shadowless Hubert Belasco was the one that had sinned—had not been sinned against! He had married Ynez Belasco not for love, but for her millions. Then, posing as a good, hard-working young husband, he had carried on a secret liaison with Cheridah Shannon, the actress! And now he lay in his wife's boudoir, murdered!

All that and a thousand more vague thoughts, garish with the glare of spotlights, flashed thru the minds of the three men. Ere he had looked two minutes at that scrawled name, the hustling Mr. Norton had witnessed, in his brain, a sort of photoplay of the whole scandalous goings-on; the detective did not lack for ideas of a yellow hue; and poor Carter Van Cleave did not know whether he was standing on his heels or his head.

This new discovery seemed to put the kibosh on his preconceived theories. Certainly, the clews he had discovered pointed unfailingly toward three turbaned Orientals committing the actual assassination. But here this scribbled name indicated, as certainly, some detestable scandal in the case.

More; it seemed to furnish a motive for the murder! Had Mrs. Belasco, the eccentric and wilful, hired those three Orientals to kill Hubert Belasco, because he was untrue to her and his marriage vows?

It sounded reasonable enough; yet the young sleuth hated entertaining the thought in his mind. He had so builded on some deep Oriental mystery figuring in the crime! And where did Siva, the Destroyer, come in according to that hypothesis?

Said Malachi Courtney, at, that moment:

"It's the actress, all right! But what does the numeral 10 stand for?"

The reporter smiled knowingly.

"Why, ten o'clock," he answered glibly, "ten days, ten bucks, ten bottles, ten taxis, tenth of the month—that's tomorrow!"

"But she is in New York, now."

"Sure. But wasn't she here two months ago, Malachi? That was time enough to start the ball rolling with poor Belasco!"

The detective eyed the cuff thoughtfully for a moment of silence. Suddenly he swung on the two newsmen.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to ring up the chief! I've got to tell him about this latest, and see what he has to say."

He turned to the telephone on the stand beside the head of the bed. Ensued the usual "hello" formula, a word about the discovery of the name, and then nods and monosyllables of assent. Malachi's face was grave as he hung up the receiver.

"Boys, the fiat has gone forth! The Old Man has spoken! And he says, 'Taboo!'"

The reporter looked downcast but resigned.

"I feared as much! And I know what that means! We are to erase all we know of this mystery from our minds and, like dead men, tell no tales! Eh?"

Malachi nodded, brightening a little.

"You only heard my end of the conversation. Here's what the chief said: First, to close down the case; second, to silence you two and not let a word get into print; and third, to instruct the servants to keep mum. And then we will await the word of the Old Man, who waits for old Morton Seymour to give him the word to proceed."

"All right," replied the star. "I know the policy of my sheet. I hate to do it, but here's my word that I'm deaf, dumb and blind on this mystery! Gee! And it would make such a d—n fine tale, too!"

"I know, 'Scoop,' me boy. Cheridah Shannon was the last bit of scandal we needed to make the Old Man shut down like this! And you?" He looked inquiringly at Van Cleave.

The former cub forced a laugh.

"Me? Why, you can depend on me keeping mum, for I have no paper to give the news to!"

"No?" Norton took him up. "Why, you poor cub, any paper in town not controlled by Seymour would make you star if you gave 'em wind of this sensational murder mystery!"

"Well, gentlemen, I'll depend on you. You see, I can't let you rouse the whole city with a spicy, sensational story, only to find out later it is a simple murder. All society would thirst for our blood. Particularly that old plute, Morton Seymour!"

"You've got my word, Malachi. The Mail-Tribune prints no word of this mystery tomorrow——"

"Unless the chief raises the ban. Good!"

"The same here," said Carter Van Cleave. "No paper shall learn of this Belasco affair thru me. And, so long as the case is forbidden, I think I'll be going."

"Good-by, Van Cleave! Try the Daily Press for a job; I heard they were short-handed."

"So long, me boy!" from Malachi Courtney.

And Carter Van Cleave left the room, and the house of mystery and death.

CHAPTER XX.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

THE amateur gum-shoe walked in the fading day, his mind not on the streets he was traversing, but on the Great Enigma he had left behind. It was that latest clew—the name, "Cheridah—10," on the cuff—that puzzled his brain to this trancelike state.

He thought that it was an important clew. He felt almost sure that, in some way or other, it bore strongly on the case. But the rub was that the scandal it hinted at was diametrically opposed to the ideas of the mystery he had gained from the other clew.

Light, monkey-like men with scarlet slippers, crimson turbans and well-sketched plans, Oriental kris-like daggers, and frowning, evil, old gods of the East—all these Van Cleave found it utterly impossible to jibe with the thought of "Cherry" Shannon figuring as the woman in the case.

Somehow, he came to the opinion that Malachi Courtney and the star were wrong; that neither Cheridah Shannon nor any woman had to do with the assassination. Could not "Cheridah" be something else than the name of a woman?

He felt the beat of rain upon him, at that moment, and vaulted in a leap out of his trance. He found that it was raining in sheets, and that he had not walked far nor long. He was still in the aristocratic district.

He hurried on and boarded the first car he met—a clanging, California street cable. He did not notice whether it was bound toward town or out. To tell the truth, he did not care. Now that he had no job, no money worth mentioning and hardly a home, he had no place to go, and, no matter which way the car was going, he could sit in it and think until it reached the terminus of the line.

"Why did the three Orientals, who seemed from their garb to have just crossed the world from the East, strangle and stab Hubert Belasco in his wife's boudoir? What was he doing there? Why had he returned so surreptitiously, and taken to masquerading as his wife in the dead of night in his own house? Why the Japanese dagger and fake jewel in his hands? What of the note on his cuff?"

So, in a sort of reverie, Carter Van Cleave, as he sat in the partly empty, clanging car, reviewed the mystery, step by step, stage after stage. Each clew he turned over in his mind and built upon. And, also, he visualized what he had seen, from start to finish, and how the crime had been done.

As on a moving-picture screen, he saw the veiled-robed figure of the dead man lying prone on the glowing rug, the curious dagger sticking up between his shoulder-blades, his hands outflung, holding in one the Japanese dagger, in the other, the large, red, false stone!

A click, an instant of darkness; then, with a whir that he could almost hear, the mental motion-picture machine began again. He saw Hubert Belasco, in that green dress, standing before the red night lamp and the frowning, white-eyed god. He did not know how he did it; he had not accounted for that broad, zigzag band as yet, you know; but, of a sudden, he saw a tall, dark, thin-legged man, in red turban and slippers, rise up behind the masquerader!

Then, once more, came a break in the reel of film; an abrupt, black pause, presently a white-eyed, evil, frowning face, with a hole in its forehead, flickered before his mind's eye, faded out, then reappeared clear and plain—the hideous face of Siva, the Destroyer!

"He saw it all!" thought the one-time cub, enviously. "But is that all he has to do with the mystery? No! The little Siva on that kris, Mrs. Belasco's strange words, and that sketch on the back of the diagram, all show——"

A jar startled him out of his thoughts. He looked in bewilderment about the empty car, then out the misted window. The car was at a standstill. It had just swung in over the switchback at the end of the line—that had caused the jar.

Perforce, Carter Van Cleave got off. It was no longer raining, but the night was fogged with a heavy mist. He could see the white glare of busy Market street thru the blur, and, at right angles with it, the occasional garish lights before low groggeries and lodging-houses. He was on the Front of 'Frisco!

He could have proceeded up the great white way of the Western metropolis; but the dark waterfront seemed more conductive to thoughts. And Carter Van Cleave was desperate to think! Otherwise, he might have thought twice ere he chose to walk along the dreary docks, amid the seepage of the Five Oceans that skulk there in the dark and cold!

For a while, as he thought and walked, he passed before the showy lights of saloons and rooming-houses. He was elbowed aside by rough, boisterous men, most of whom were blond giants of the North and a few of whom were negrees and Filipinos.

Then, still searching for the key to the mystery, and unaware of his surroundings, he penetrated a darker, more deserted region, where the constant sawing of windjammers and huge colliers at their chains, and the incessant gurgle of the black waters beneath his feet, were the sole accompaniments to his lonely walk.

It was cold. To warm his hands, Carter Van Cleave shoved them into the side pockets of his coat. And then, once again, he was aroused from his thoughts by the touch of things material. The fingers of his right hand had struck upon the glassy facets of the four monster fake stones!

The cub, for a moment, was overwhelmed with surprise. Then he got a grip on himself, took a deep breath, and, clutching the stones tightly, ran toward the lamp-post that, some yards ahead, sent out a dismal gleam into the night.

Once in the small circle of light cast by the lamp, he halted and, with great haste, dragged his hand from his pocket and held its contents to the gleam. Four monster stones, two white, two of the color of a pigeon's lifeblood, crowded the palm of his hand—they were that huge!

"The deuce!" he muttered. "I thought I returned these to Malachi. But I guess, like a thoughtless fool, I slipped them into my pocket when Peralto fired me. Well, they oughtn't to be in my possession. Altho they are only the crudest of imitations, yet they are evidence, and should be in the hands of Malachi Courtney. And here I am, away out of reach of Courtney!"

While he thought out what he should do, the amateur stared, half-unconsciously, down at the huge frauds. And, suddenly, a startled cry escaped his lips, his face went white as a sheet, his eyes wide, staring!

One of the rubies lived, was genuine! Fat, deep red and white, those four stones jostled one another in his palm. There lay, in the lamplight, unsparkling, glassy, dead—the crudest and most evident of fakes! And the fourth—a monster ruby—shone out, purely, sublimely, in deep red flashes! Like a pool of crimson lifeblood, it reposed among those cheap imitations, shaming them to the world!

"Good Lord!" the young fellow gasped. "They are not all fakes! One lives! That huge ruby is true and pure and precious! It is worth thousands of dollars—a rajah's ransom—a man's life!"

The realization of the enormous value of the monster ruby suddenly sent chills playing up and down the would-be detective's spinal column. He was seized with a new fear.

"I hold a Kohinoor of rubies in my hand! And Heavens! I am all alone, unarmed, down on the Front of 'Frisco!"

Terror gripped his soul in a cold vise. The desire of all men he held in his hand, and he knew the hands of all men would be turned against him, once they sensed the treasure he possessed. And he was weaponless and alone, in the cold and dark, there on the waterfront of the great city, where skulk only crude men and criminals!

Small wonder that Carter Van Cleave gasped for breath! His hand clinched fearfully around his prize, and he glanced furtively about him in the blackness.

Well that he did! For, even as he looked, from behind him out of the dark beyond the radius of lamplight, leaped a man with a brown, bewhiskered face, topped by a red turban and a curious, crooked dagger upraised in his hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

TERROR.

SO FEARFUL of discovery or attack had been Carter Van Cleave, that now he was not taken altogether by surprise. He had the nerve and quickness to sidestep, of a sudden. And the bearded Oriental flashed harmlessly by and landed, with a thud and a metallic ring, on the planking of the wharf at his feet.

His hand clutching the priceless ruby and the three fake stones, Van Cleave, with a terror-filled glance over his shoulder, darted away.

In the small circle of dim light under the gas lamp, he glimpsed his assailant lying flat on his face and white beard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NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot, take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

against the planking of the wharf. All in that glance, he noted that he was a tall man, a giant in stature, but lean and angular, thin of hips and shrunken of legs. A crimson turban crowned his head, a yellow tunic coated his thin body, and scarlet, horn-pointed slippers shod his fleshless feet. And one long, brown arm was outstretched above his turbaned head, as he sprawled, the kris-like dagger in it sunk three inches deep in the boarding and still vibrating with the force of the blow and fall.

Van Cleave was out of the ring of light when, of a sudden, he sighted two more brown, bewhiskered faces, surmounted by red turbans, coming into the light from which he had just plunged. Both faces were those of men very like but much shorter than the starveling-framed giant on the planking. And all three had crept up silent as snakes from different directions, and closed about him to attack and murder him there in the dark.

The poor cub read their black purpose in that glimpse, not alone in the upraised, gleaming daggers, but also in their eyes.

Those eyes! They were black, with the cold, hard glitter of a cobra's. But more. They were glittering with an indescribable hatred and the terrible lust to kill of the Oriental.

The young American's heart stopped with a vision of the Terror that lurks in the alleys and jungles of impenetrable Asia and stabs men in the back without a sound.

Numb with fear and horror, unable to feel his limbs working, he dashed away from that circle of garish light in a blind, panic-winged plunge. It is brute to say that he ran as he never ran before, but that, in truth, he did. Fear of death in the dark lent him a motor breathlessly to propel his legs.

Were those brown, turbaned men pursuing him? He strained his ears, even as he was straining his burning lungs and numb legs. Surely enough, to his ears came a sound that congealed the blood in his veins and, for a moment, almost brought him to a stop—it sapped his strength so. It was the pitpat! pitpat! of light-shod men chasing him.

How he strained himself for speed! How he groaned inwardly, when he thought they were gaining on him and imagined he felt their murderously hot breath on his neck! He sprinted with the sprint that only despair and death can inspire.

And then, of a sudden, he dashed blindly into a lighted place, where men stared at his ashen lips and cheeks and wondered why he shook and shivered so. It was the Ferry Building.

White lights dazzled his eyes from every side, while all about him swirled a tumultuous freshet of life that was of this Twentieth Century, not of Darkest Asia nor the Arabian Nights. He was in the thick of city life, light and civilization.

And those brown, bearded creatures of the night had vanished! No red turbans bobbed among that crowd! And he was free, safe, protected, by the whirling rush of his fellow Americans!

Carter Van Cleave gave a huge sigh of relief that in itself was almost a wordless prayer of thanksgiving. He steeled himself and resolved to get out of the way of danger—to go home and to bed. He would have safer moments and places to ponder the mystery; now he must look out for himself.

He waited in that pool of light and life until his car rounded the terminous and prepared to make its run back thru the city. Then he dashed to it and secured a seat wherein to slump himself down and rest his poor stiff legs.

Ready to drop tho he was, however, the trolley had no more than started ere he got up and walked from motorman to rear platform in an effort to make sure that no dark-skinned assassins in turbans hung like hounds on his trail. And that patrol he made not several times, as the car proceeded thru the dark and falling rain, but so often that the few passengers remarked him, his lack of color and the look of nameless terror in his eyes.

He gave them not a thought. He was overwhelmed too utterly by his dreads and fears of those Oriental murderers.

They had come and suddenly, and as suddenly vanished, that the whole affair was unreal, uncanny. He was not certain but that it was a nightmare. And then, the next moment, he was sure that he had been attacked and just as sure that it was no chance assault.

No! The three red-turbaned Orientals, who, he was almost certain, had assassinated Hubert Belasco, had followed him for some reason from the Belasco mansion, and then, on the dark waterfront, had attacked him.

But why? What cause had they for assaulting him? Carter Van Cleave did not know and, altho he racked his brain, this mystery remained as insoluble as the mystery surrounding Hubert Belasco's murder.

Its very lack of motive was one of the most terrible parts of the attack. If he only knew what it was about him that inspired the hate of those Orientals, he might do something. But now little wonder that he patrolled the car and feared and dreaded, at his destination, to step from its light to the darkness and rain of the quiet residence street.

Steeled against attack, cleared for action, Carter Van Cleave dropped from the car, dashed thru the rain a score of yards, then, safe in his doorway, wheeled and looked back.

Nobody but himself had alighted from the car—of that he made sure. And no one was visible along the deserted street, for, tho the hour was not late, the district was early abed. The car vanished along the line, and no turban-topped men skulked from it into the shadows.

Another deep, prolonged, thankful sigh of relief from the cub.

"Safe! I'm safe now! But Lord, what a strain! What an hour of terror! Assassination—a knife in the back—strangulation—ugh! One more case of Thuggee! Good Heavens! I'll be a mad cub if this fear is not lifted from my heart so that I can walk the streets of Frisco again without terror at my back!"

He turned, with a shudder, and fitted his key into the lock. One more glance behind him and he opened the door, stepped in and locked it after him. Then, in silence, he proceeded upstairs thru the dark to the small room he had hired at the beginning of his stay in the city.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### WAITING.

CARTER VAN CLEAVE turned on the gaslight full blast. He searched the room, locked the door, then the window. Then, from his overcoat pockets, he laid out on the small table a scarlet slipper, a crimson turban-cloth, a folded paper, another sheet of paper inclosing a half-burnt cigarette, two false white beards, one imitation ruby and a magnificent, monster, blood-red stone!

He cast his cap and overcoat on the bed, drew up a chair before the table and the aligned clews, and, his chin on his hands, his eyes on the discoveries, fell into a study that was indigo-blue as well as brown, with a border of red and yellow.

"Why," he asked himself, "why did these men attack me? Who are they? Whence did they come? What is it all about?"

The much he knew: That the three, brown-faced, bearded men, who had attacked him on the wharf, were the same who had broken into the Belasco mansion, in the dead of the night before, and struck down Hubert Belasco before the frowning statue of Siva, the Destroyer! All the rest was a mystery—the Great Enigma!

And the three turbaned men were living question marks of the mystery! They were Orientals, that was plain; and Hindoos, most probably. But from what city or jungle had they come? Why had they crossed the world to throttle and stab Hubert Belasco? What revenge, what desire, what thing to gain had brought them to throbbing San Francisco?

"They are assassins, surely—relentless, ruthless, holding life lightly. And, somehow, I am sure they are actuated by some burning desire of heart and soul. They seek something, they want something, something they desire has brought them from the other side of the world and has inspired their attacks. But what is it? What can they crave so much that they deem it nothing to kill a man and attack another? And who are they—these outlandish Oriental three?"

Thus, for hours, the young fellow puzzled his brain. There, in the lonely, almost bare room, beneath the yellow gaslight, staring at the clews without seeing one, he pondered the seemingly inexplicable riddle he had set himself to solve. And always he returned to thoughts of those thin-legged, red-turbaned, brown men, who strangled and stabbed in the dark.

Every now and then fear prompted him to go to the door and try it, to the bed and look under it, to the clothes closet and peer within it. He would start up with terror clutching at his throat and strain his ears for a repetition of some fancied footsteps in the hall, some false sound of alarm from the street below. He would go to the window and, pulling aside the shade, peer out into the pattering rain and dark night, listening, watching, waiting——

For what? Carter Van Cleave shivered as three red turbans shot before his mind's eye!

So, the slow, lonely hours lingered by like limbos of time, while the young fellow sat alone in that gaslit room and reviewed the mystery in its every phase. Midnight struck somewhere below, and still he could not bring himself to think of bed or sleep.

He saw the three Orientals lever open the basement window with their curious, kris-like dagger. He saw the tall, lean one, with the incongruous white beard, throttle and stab Hubert Belasco in the dim red light before Siva. He saw all three slip, like monkeys, down that crimson cloth.

Then the motion-picture of his mind would break; darkness for an instant; and then it would flash on again, and a face would leer out at him—the face of the old, old god, with the necklace of human skulls, the great pearl eyes and the round, deep hole in its bronze forehead—Siva, the Destroyer! Always it frowned at him and mocked his vain attempts to solve the mystery of which it was a part, perhaps, the integral!

"Is there a red ring about my husband's neck? If so, it is fate! Siva, the Destroyer, has destroyed him!"

What had beautiful Ynez Belasco meant when she made that mystical statement? Why the small Siva on that dagger between Belasco's shoulders? Why the sketch of Siva on that diagram, and the red cross marking the position of the statue in the boudoir—the only mark?

It all pointed to that bronze idol, the evil Eastern god, Siva, the Destroyer, having a deal to do with the mystery. And yet in no way could Carter Van Cleave connect the exasperating divinity with the assassination of Hubert Belasco, or his strange masquerade.

That masquerade! What was he doing with a Japanese knife in his hand in his wife's boudoir? What meant the "Cheridah—10" on his cuff; the two fake pearls and one false ruby in his silver cigarette case; the priceless, pigeon-blood ruby in his left hand?

Van Cleave took them from the table and held them up in his open palm beneath the light. The monster ruby pulsed, from between the dead fakes, for all the world as tho all the romance and beauty of the Orient was compressed into its blood-red heart.

For long, long minutes, Carter Van Cleave dreamed over it and wondered how many lives had been sacrificed for it, since, from the mines of Tartary, it first had seen the light of day.

The solitary stroke of the half-hour aroused him. It was half after 2 o'clock! And thereupon, Carter Van Cleave, because he had thoroly reviewed the inexplicable mystery, had partially conquered his fears, and wished to save his widowed landlady further expense in the way of gas, turned out the light and, running up the window shade, threw himself on the bed, fully dressed as he was.

But he could not sleep. He lay in the blackness of his lonely room, while the minutes dragged by and the rain and wind beat drearily and monotonously against the pane. And, specter-like, the brown, bearded visages of Orientals in red turbans bobbed up before him out of the pitchy dark, their cold, glittering black eyes seeming all a-lust for his life!

He shuddered with a cold chill there in the blackness.

"Who are these outlandish Orientals? Why did they assassinate Hubert Belasco? And why did they track me from that house of horror, and then try to stab me in the back? Have I that something they so desire—the great prize they came across seas to get?"

Again and again the thoughts revolved and puzzled his brain. And, of a sudden, the truth struck him like a stab in the dark. He snapped up, cold with terror

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "It's the red

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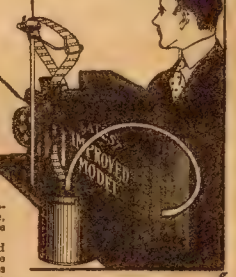

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ruby! They saw it burning in my hand, when they stole up on me. And—Heavens! It was in Belasco's hand when he was attacked. They were frightened away ere they could get it. Yes! They skulked across the world, killed Belasco and attacked me for this great ruby!"

His cheeks blanched a leprous white in the dark, and cold nodules of terror burst out on his forehead and all over his shivering body!

"And I, Carter Van Cleave, hold the thing these thugs so desire! Alone, unarmed, helpless. I possess their treasure. And to get it from me, they will not hesitate to stab me in the back—God! to kill me as they did poor Hubert Belasco!"

What was that? Terror froze the poor cub stiff and cold as tho in death! For, from the window, came the sound of a knife grating between the sash and sill!

Poor Carter Van Cleave sat upright in the dark, like a statue of ice. The blood seemed pounding against the drums, as he strained his ears for those sounds.

Low and persistently came again the sounds of metal rasping against wood! The click, like the leverage of a jimmy! It was the Oriental assassins!

Like second-story men, once more they were boldly attempting to break into a house. That other time they had succeeded. In his own house, they had killed Hubert Belasco. Would they come in by that window, this time, and in that black room strike down the possessor of their prize?

Frozen with fear, Carter Van Cleave sat stiff on the bed and waited. He knew they would come in! There was nothing to stop them! And what could he do?

This thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. You will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

**COOLING.**

"Not at all, my dear Miss Slithers," said Mulligatawney. "It was neither an idle whim nor frivolity that led to the question. I did it simply because it was such a terribly hot day. Are you aware that the thermometer registers 93 in the shade?"

"Surely I am," she replied. "But what has that got to do with your asking me to marry you?"

"I knew of no other way to bring on a frost," said Mulligatawney, politely.

The girl sprang to her feet.

"Ah," she said icily, "that is it, eh? Well, let me tell you, Henry Mulligatawney, that you have done more than that, for my answer is snow!"

And she left him so coldly that, despite the awful temperature, he shivered out on the sandy reaches of those sun-baked sands.

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**WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH-**ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

**AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED** 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**WRITE FOR LIBERAL FREE SAMPLE—** Get posted on biggest money-making combinations and specialties. Guaranteed tremendous sellers. Samples furnished free to distribute. Special large profit offers made now. R. B. Newberry, 200 Lake, Chicago.

**AGENTS: EVEN IF YOU WERE DEAF,** dumb and blind you could sell our aluminum utensil cleaner. Every housewife grabs it on sight. Steady trade and big money in protected territory. Write quick. Div. Pol. 6, American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

**AGENTS: — BIGGEST LINE, BIGGEST** profit, extracts, family remedies, perfumes, creams. Premiums for your customers. Western Laboratories, Inc., 1811D Van Buren St., Chicago.

**MEN OR WOMEN. MAKE $35 OR MORE** weekly selling Puritan Sanitary Brushes. Every home buys. Large profits, easy work. Whole or spare time. Puritan Co., Dept. B 1166 Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS—$30 A WEEK AND EXPENSES** selling window gold sign letters. Anyone can put on. Free samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

**PANTS $1.00, SUIT $3.75, MADE TO MEAS-**ure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and new styles. "Knickerbocker" Tailoring Co., Dept. 787, Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN, MAKE $40** weekly taking orders for Goodyear Raincoats. Sample coat free. Goodyear Mfg. Co., Dept. 33, Kansas City, Mo.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacaselan Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS WORKING THE COUNTRY WANT-**ing the best portraits for the least money should send for our catalog. Address Friedman & Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo.

**BIG PAY AND AUTOMOBILE FURNISHED** agents introducing wonderful new automobile fuel. Samples free. L. Ballwey, 7 Ovee Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

**WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—** Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

**PAY YOU 60C DOZEN DELIVER SAMPLES** perfume your town. Outfit free, send 10c postage. Union D. Perfume Co., Palatine, Ill.

**REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.** Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied

### HELP WANTED

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY — THOUSANDS** men—women, 18 or over, for U. S. Government jobs. War means many vacancies. $100 month. Steady work. Life appointment. Write for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 20, Rochester, N. Y.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**$150 FOR 60 DAYS WORK. MEN OR WOM-**en to distribute free samples and take orders for new line of brushes. Outfit free. Nichols Brush Co., Naperville, Ill., Box B.

**WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEAN-**ing and dyeing business. Little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

**WANTED—MEN TO BECOME CHAUF-**feurs. $25.00 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 809, Rochester, N. Y.

**$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND** addresses. Send stamp. Ursus Company, Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

**$12.50 PER 100 COLLECTING NAMES AND** addresses. Send stamp. National Directory Works, Little Falls, Minnesota.

**EARN $15.00 WEEKLY MAILING CIRCU-**lars. Send 10c (silver) for instructions. W. Thompson, Perrysburg, O.

**HUSTLERS — WE PAY 25C EACH FOR** names. Send for contract. Instant Vulcanizer, Dept. B, Chicago.

### MALE HELP WANTED

**GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOR-**ough Instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

**$20.00 WEEKLY MADE WRITING NAMES** for mail order houses. No canvassing. Particulars free. The Guide Company, Memphis, Tennessee.

**$100 MONTH PAID MEN—WOMEN, GOV-**ernment jobs. Write for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 28, Rochester, N. Y.

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-**tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

### FEMALE HELP WANTED

**WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT FREE** by paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

**FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO** travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

**$20 WEEKLY; STAMPING PATTERNS AT** home. Send stamp. Chicago Silk Mills, Dept. M. M., Chicago.

### MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

**$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY.** Complete moving picture outfit. Machine, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

**$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL** starts you. Outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government, institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

### MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

**WRITE PHOTOPLAYS! $100 EACH.** Obtain free booklet "How to Write Photoplays." Universal Publishing Co., D 601 Fergus Falls, Minn.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**BANISH POVERTY! FORTUNE AWAITS** you in oil! Young man started with $20, now worth $80,000. Woman invested savings of $28, now receives $100 monthly income. Thousands who invested small sums in development companies made independently rich. Write quick for maps and literature. Address Sun River Oil & Gas Co., 417 Stapleton Block, Billings, Montana.

**MILLIONS, FORMERLY MADE BY DISTIL-**lers and brewers, will from now on be made by manufacturers of non-alcoholic drinks. If you have $20 or more to invest and wish to be one of a limited number to share in profits of this money-making business, write quickly for details to B. W., Box 1301, Philadelphia, Pa.

**$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS OF DOLLARS** being made in Sourlake oil fields, $1 down, $1 monthly nine months may pay you $200 or more monthly. Cooperative well. Write today for free maps, full information. General offices, Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 2823 Ann, St., Dallas, Texas.

**$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTER-**est in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

**CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY IN OUR LEAD** & Zinc mine in Va. New Jersey Zinc Co. making millions. Their stock $447. Ours 25 cts a share. One of their mines on adjoining farm. Write, Helen Mineral Co., 7014 Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**BUY DIVIDEND PAYING OIL STOCK;** paying better than twelve percent annually. Write Morgenstern & Co., Muskogee, Oklahoma

**LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE.** Small investments in oil making millionaires. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, 633 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

### SOUTHERN LAND FOR SALE

**SOUTHERN FARMERS ARE PROSPEROUS** and contented. Favored by nature with mild climate, long growing season, abundant rainfall, fruit, poultry, stock, trucking and general farming succeeds amazingly here. Little Farms in Shenandoah Valley colony of Little Planters $250 and up, complete, on easy payments. Good near-by markets, excellent transportation, low freights. Full information on request. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 248 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

### MISSOURI FARM LANDS

**SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $16 CASH AND $5** monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, C-107 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

### FLORIDA LANDS

**FLORIDA—GET SPECIAL OFFER ON** splendid farm land near Jax. Jacksonville Heights Imp. Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

### FEATHER BEDS

**NEW 40-LB. FEATHER BEDS, $8.95. A** pair 6-lb. pillows to match, $1.30. New, live, clean, sanitary feathers. Best ticking. Sold on money back guarantee. Write for free catalog. Agents wanted. American Feather & Pillow Co., Desk 106, Nashville, Tenn.

### PHOTOPLAYS WANTED

**PHOTOPLAYS WANTED. BIG PRICES** paid. We show you how. Details free. Rex Publishers, Box 175-B-3, Chicago.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**AUTOMOBILE POLISH MAKES YOUR CAR** look nice and new all the time. Half pint 60 cents prepaid and guaranteed satisfactory. E. J. Worst, Ashland, Ohio.

**YOU CAN MAKE GOOD, DURABLE PAINTS** and varnish 15c gallon. Emmelmann Bros. Mfg. Co., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

### PATENTS

**PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.** Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1917 edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

**WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK** of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

**INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY** bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED** promptly, 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

### ROOTS, HERBS AND EVERGREENS

**$10 A DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS,** roots and herbs. 10c brings book and war prices. Particulars free. Botanical-E, New Haven, Conn.

### PERSONAL

**SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK,** run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

**MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO** restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., Box 175, B-W, Nashville, Tenn.

**MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER** we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

**MARRY RICH—FOR QUICK RESULTS, JOIN** our club. Thousands worth from $1,000 to $50,000 desire early marriage; particulars and photos free. Sealed. Confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 610, Grayslake, Ill.

**PILES—EVERYBODY SUFFERING PILES,** fistula, fissures, ulceration, constipation, bleeding, itching, write free trial. Positive painless, pile cure. S. U. Tarney, Auburn, Indiana

**MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL** ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME** Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Mrs. Purdie, Box 556, Oakland, Calif

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

**RELIABLE CLUB ESTABLISHED 11 YEARS.** Large list wealthy members. Confidential, descriptions free, Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison, Oakland, Cal.

**CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY,** wanting introductions, booklet free Catholic Correspondence Club, ~ L. Grand Rapids, Mich.

**LONELY WIDOW WHO OWNS VALUABLE** farm, wishes to marry an honorable gentleman. Address "Widow," Box 4, San Diego, California.

**MARRY—PHOTOS, DESCRIPTIONS FREE;** honest advertisers no rich widow fakes; plain sealed wrapper. Alpha Rice, Charlotte, Michigan.

**BIG MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES,** addresses, descriptions and photos, 25c; no rich widow fakes. Wren, 46 Grand Rapids, Mich.

**GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL** paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO** marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**REAL PHOTOS. ARTISTS MODELS; BATH-**ing girls. Fascinating poses. sample 10c. Simpson Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

**HANDSOME WIDOW, 36, WORTH $95,000,** lonely will marry. Box, care Mission Dolly San Francisco, Cal.

**CAPITALIST, 41, WORTH $850,000, WOULD** marry widow or girl, honorable. 253a Minna St., San Francisco.

**MARRIAGE PAPER, RELIABLE PLAN,** description free for stamp. Social Club, Dept. 17, Gladwin, Mich.

**GENT'S ARTICLE. SOMETHING NEW.** Guaranteed one year. Postpaid 25c. The Rick Company, Logansport, Indiana.

# Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1355, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

**5,000,000**

READERS WEEKLY.


## GENTLE JABS

Still water runs into jugs

Poets are born. Blame their ancestors.

Faith is the thing that enables men to eat hash.

Everybody knows that other people make mistakes

Watches and rivers do not run long without winding

Many a man that looks wise can't make a living at it.

Many a grafter has built his fortune on a steal foundation

Keep your temper if it is good, and don't lose it if it's bad.

Look at the foundation of the ladder before attempting to climb it.

## The Vanishing Penny.

A dispatch from Washington to the Ledger and the Blade runs as follows: As the high cost of living advances the purchasing power of money recedes. Among other vanishing things it looks as if we would soon place the penny, since there will be almost nothing that we can buy with such small pieces of money.

The decline of the penny has been almost as rapid as the increase of the high cost of living. And the h. c. l. naturally has made that apparent. Now the smallest denomination of money is swiftly taking the form of the nickel.

What the evolution of time has not done to the penny, war has. And it now is a back number. Hundreds of newspapers, small candy stores and other establishments which expected to get their profits out of the penny either have raised their prices or failed.

The United States mints prove it, for fewer pennies are being made now than in several years. And the mints here and in Denver, Colo., are working night and day turning out nickels, dimes and quarters—the greatest mass of small silver coins ever known—to supply the demand. Hereafter the nickel and dime will be the smallest coins in common circulation.

The reason is simple—the penny alone can buy scarcely anything. You pay a nickel now for what you formerly bought for a copper cent or two. And the dime has replaced the nickel in trade.

When Two Guns, the Indian chieftain, whose head is shown on the Buffalo nickel, was photographed, he didn't expect much publicity. It was believed that only a comparatively small number of the nickels would be coined. But the mints are still working on them day and night.

"War," is the terse explanation in official Washington. If it is war, it has dethroned the cent just as surely as it has kicked the Czar of Russia and King of Greece off their thrones.

Sixty-five years ago pennies were honorable coins. Then the copper cent was coined a fraction larger than the 2-cent piece of today. But their decline in popularity came with their lack of buying power, and their size was reduced to about the size of a dime That size is believed to be the smallest that can be used conveniently. So they remained—the last coinage being made with a bust of Lincoln on one side. Predictions are being made that the time is not far distant when the coinage of them will be stopped for all time, and the nickel will be the smallest United States coin in circulation.

# War and Women

### A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

As I sit alone a-dreaming
In my tent at the close of day
My mind seems to waver and wander
Back to Love's yesterday.

And I see you again, my Sweetheart,
As you bade a last good-by
When I took my place with others—
For my country, to do or die.

Weary days have passed since we parted,
Long days of toil and pain.
But thoughts of you have cheered me
And I have longed to see you again.

I have longed for your smile of gladness
That haunts my memory still,
And your bright eyes' silent message;
I love you and always will.

I long to hold your loving hands
Close to my beating heart,
And to hold you near in a fond embrace
That naught but Death can part.

The caressing touch of your golden hair
On my cheek I fain would feel
As I tried so oft a little kiss
From your red lips to steal.

O, Sweetheart, I wish you did but know
Of the love that will never die;
'Tis a love that ever will haunt me
Till I answer Retreat on High.

—John J. Flaherty.

## White Cross Guards.

To guard the morals of our country! The women have always done it as individuals, and now they are doing it as organized groups, Adelia Potter writes in The Woman Citizen. The suffragists call the workers in this detail of their war service, "White Cross Guards," and many of them feel that its success means more to the nation than any other form of war work. If the mothers of our country could only be back of the present suggested moral legislation with their votes, their soldier sons and husbands would soon be living in a cleaner moral atmosphere. In every encampment they are cooperating with the chaplains and the Y. M. C. A. workers. Suffragists have already given $20,000 toward the Y. M. C. A. camp work in New York State to provide good, wholesome amusement and reading-rooms for the soldiers when off duty.

The biggest problem, tho, is to provide suitable rest places for soldiers in the scattered khaki tents that are stationed alongside the thousand and one bridges, trestles and tunnels in our state. The wholesome diversions supplied by the chaplains at the larger encampments are wanting, the men are separated from even the members of their own company, and the patrolling of a few feet of railroad track soon gets mighty monotonous to men and boys accustomed to active school and business life.

They must go somewhere, see somebody, when off duty. What is open to them? Usually only the worst places in the community, or public institutions that by their very nature cannot have the home touch for which the men are hungry. The suffragists are trying to get in touch with all women, whether on farms or in towns, who live near these isolated khaki tents, and are asking them to invite the soldiers, when off duty, to a meal; to extend to them the hospitality of their porches and magazines, and make the soldiers feel that the good people of the community welcome them as warmly as do the few undesirable ones.

Nor is this done as hero worship, but simply with the idea of doing for those soldier boys what a woman would want some other woman to do for her son if he was off in a little isolated khaki tent. The men are never urged to accept hospitality or stay when they should be on duty—on the contrary, the highest ideals of adherence to duty are held before them. They are invited to church for a definite service—not "some time," but "this Sunday morning" or "this Sunday evening."

Supplementary to this, the young girls are being reached thru all kinds of groups—Y. W. C. A., colleges and high-school gatherings, Epworth Leagues, Girls' Friendly, Christian Endeavor, and every place where girls gather. The message to them is that in this crisis, when the men are not living under normal home conditions, when the whole thought of life has had to be suddenly readjusted, the girls must show the world that American womanhood is capable, level-headed in a crisis, sweet and pure, no matter what the circumstances or conditions; that by their actions and words these coming months they must help carry this ideal of American womanhood to greater glory or they will tear it down; that there is more than romance in meeting our soldiers today; that there is duty and service and responsibility to our country, even from young girls; that they must keep a level head for both; that as the soldiers are guarding our country, so the womanhood of our nation, both old and young, must guard the soldiers from even greater dangers than famine or invasion by a foreign foe—from the loss of their ideals of womanhood. The girls are told that in being dignified, yet sweet and modest under all circumstances, they are upholding the honor of their country as much as the soldier who guards the bridge, that even if a girl can't be a Red Cross nurse she can be a White Cross Guard, and over her heart carry these ideals at all times and in all places, that in so doing she is doing her bit, for she is guarding the greatest treasure our country has—the honor of its womanhood—both now and for generations to come.

That is the suffragist's idea of womanhood—responsibility not only to those inside her own four walls, but to those outside their shelter.

## Dyes in America.

Where have our dye worries gone? asks the Kansas City Star. Only a few months ago we were threatened with a reign of white, summer and winter. Our domestic blues were painful to behold and none too stable, while other colors were not to be relied upon, even at their ugliest.

But now all this is changed. The dyes made in America are more beautiful than those we used to get from Germany, and the fabrics are just as lovely as any on which we used to pay duty.

And not only are the dyes made in America, but any number of beautiful "imported" fabrics are manufactured in the States that border the Atlantic. Shantung silks do not come from China, nor khaki cool from France. Both are made in New Jersey, where there is also a large manufactory for the production of a silk jersey cloth which bears a French name.

Our figured voiles are designed by American girls, spun, woven and dyed in New Jersey—a State that is developing so many textile industries that it seems destined to become one of the great textile centers of the world. A silk buyer for one of the large Kansas City stores predicts that if the war continues another year New Jersey will be forced to turn out silks as fine as any made in France.

The best ginghams are still made in Scotland and the finest crepes in Japan, but it is said that several young American manufacturers are losing sleep on that account, and when a young American manufacturer loses sleep because his product is not so good as a product made somewhere else, there is almost certain to be a shifting of industrial supremacy.

### FRENCH HERO MISSED A CHANCE.

Before introducing Lieutenant De Tessan, side to General Joffre and Colonel Fabry, the "blue devil of France," Chairman Spences of the St. Louis entertainment committee at the M. A. A. breakfast told this anecdote, which caused the greatest merriment and enthusiasm:

"In Washington, Lieutenant de Tessan was approached by a pretty American girl, who said:

"'And did you kill a German soldier?'

"'Yes,' he replied.

"'With what hand did you do it?' she inquired.

"'With this right hand,' he said.

"And then the pretty American girl seized his right hand and kissed it. Colonel Fabry stood near by. He strolled over and said to Lieutenant De Tessan:

"'Heavens, man, why didn't you tell her that you bit him to death?'"

### FOR A BROKEN HEART.

He—"I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart?"

She—"Oh, yes. Bind up the broken portion with a gold band, bathe in orange-blossom water, and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month."

### TY COBB AND K. OF K.

After Irvin Cobb returned from his visit to the European battle front in the early stages of the great conflict, he went on a lecture tour, detailing some of his experiences. When he was filling a date at Bridgeport, a judge came all the way from his home in Danbury to tell Cobb that his colored servant girl had been a constant reader of Cobb's war articles in The Saturday Evening Post.

The Judge went on to state that on the morning after the publication of Cobb's interview with Lord Kitchener, in which His Lordship was quoted as expressing an opinion as to the probable duration of hostilities, the servant girl, entering the dining-room, showed high excitement.

"Jedge!" she burst out, "dis yere war is goin' to last three years!"

"How do you know?" he asked.

"De King of Europe told Ty Cobb so."

### WHEN DULCIE DONS HER OVERALLS.

When Dulcie dons her overalls
Of cotton or chambray,
The sight of her just thrills my soul
And takes my breath away.

Oh, how she charms my artist eye
When she in stripes is seen!
Oh, how she moves my inmost sense
In pair of black sateen!

And when she dons the khaki kind
Or wears a pair with checks,
I grind my teeth in agony
At all the rubbernecks.

Yet, don she white or don she blue,
Her charms my heart enthrall—
I wonder why she ever wore
Those ugly skirts at all!

When Dulcie dons her overalls
I'm filled with longing throes
That they'll give her what I have not—
The courage to propose.

—Oscar H. Roesner.

### OTHER DAYS, OTHER WAYS.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said
Stonewall Jackson, we must confess,
Didn't go in for frightfulness.


**It's Yours FREE**

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

**No Extra Charges**

of any kind—All the latest fancy styles, extreme peg tops, fancy golf bottoms, fancy sleeve cuffs, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons—Everything Free!

**Earn $40 to $60 a Week**

in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

**Don't Wait! Don't Delay!**

Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything. Washington Tailoring Co., Dept. 105, Chicago

**CALL-KLENZ** ABSOLUTELY REMOVES GALLSTONES

Without Operation. Doctors baffled for years to find a successful remedy. WE HAVE FOUND IT. It's FREE if results claimed are not produced. If seeking relief, write now; delays are dangerous. F. A. R. CHEMICAL CO., 1060 Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich

**Pink Cameo Ring FREE**

Cameo Ring set in fine gold filled ring. Guaranteed for three years To introduce new Ring Bargains, will send post paid, your size upon receipt of 10c to pay advertising.

The Auction Co., Dept 253 Attleboro, Mass.

**$5 TO $10 A DAY** easily earned

taking orders for our high grade Soaps and Toilet Preparations. Our goods well known—nationally advertised. Sell the extensive—100% profit. No experience necessary Write for free sample case offer. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. C-184, Chicago, Ill.

**LADIES $1000 REWARD!** I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves cases of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. A. B. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

**MENDING TISSUE** THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons; fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

**PATENTS** How to Obtain a Patent. Write for list of inventions Wanted. $1,500,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free upon request. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 607 Ninth WASHINGTON, D. C

**PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED** Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 4 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge. RICHARD B. OWEN, 32 OWEN BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

# The Six Corners Boy

## Or, Strike for Freedom

### By Milford Merrill

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CHAPTER I.

THE WRESTLING MATCH.

THE Six Corners boys had gathered for their fortnightly wrestling match. Fully a score of boys and young men usually attended these gatherings during the winter. However, since the attendants were mostly farmers' sons, the beginning of spring found them too busy to keep up their membership.

On the day in question, near the end of April, was to be the last meeting of the club. One of the most interested was Perry Allard, a parentless lad who lived with his uncle-in-law, whose farm was a mile from Six Corners.

"This is going to be some pumpkins of a wrestle," said Art Meddler, as he met Perry at the entrance to the barn where the meetings were held in mild weather. During the winter Peter Radway had permitted the club the use of a room over his store.

"What's on hand now, Art?"

"Cyril Drifte is here, and he is going to wrestle your cousin."

"To wrestle Jim Stedger?"

"That's what."

"I hope he throws him."

"You've got it in for Jim, eh?"

"Not particularly," responded Perry. "Jim doesn't like me, and I have no very deep affection for him."

"Sad case of disagreement among relatives, eh?" laughed Art, who was one of the nearest neighbors to the Stedgers, with whom Perry made his home.

"I want you to understand that Jim Stedger is no relative of mine," broke forth the slim Perry Allard, who had a girl's face and delicacy of feeling.

"How does that come, Perry?"

"It comes all right enough," declared the slim boy. "Jim is like his father, and most everybody around the Corners knows him—a mean old tyrant, who hates and expects everybody to toe the mark. I don't know how much longer I'm going to stand it. If Dad Stedger lays rough hands on me another time, that'll end it."

Art Meddler understood. Zadok Stedger had the name of being the meanest man in the Six Corners neighborhood. Perry, the orphan, had been made to work even when he ought to have been at school. In fact, it was the excessively hard work that gave Perry Allard his slender body, pale face and effeminate look, people said.

"I'd break away if I was you," encouraged Meddler. "If we had a bigger farm I'd try and get dad to ask you over to work and live with us."

"No," and slender Perry shook his dark head. "When I quit the Allard place I shan't stop near enough for that man who runs it to get his hands on me, be sure of that."

At this moment a shout from the assembly within the barn announced that the sport was about to begin. Perry and his friend hastened to join the party within doors. The sun was shining brightly and the barn doors were thrown wide open.

Several members of the club went upon the floor and engaged in wrestling bouts. Much enthusiasm was manifested when Jim Stedger, the champion of the immediate country roundabout, stepped to the middle of the floor and gazed with a contemptuous smile about upon the assembled company.

"I don't know as it was worth my while to come," said he, with a peculiar drawl. He was a stout, thickset youth of perhaps 17, his massive shoulders and bared, muscular arms appearing to good advantage as he faced the assembled farmer boys. "As this is the last meeting till another winter," continued he, "I thought it best to come and take a final fall out of the best you've got. I understand there's a stranger here who has some conceit."

The last remark was in the form of a question, the small green eyes of the speaker roving about over the assembly.

"That's right," responded Art Meddler. Mr. Drifte is here to meet all comers."

"Oh, ah, indeed!" with a toss of his square chin. "Show us Mister Drifte, if you please."

Nobody moved or made reply. At this some of the boys began to whisper among themselves.

"So," sneered Stedger, "the champion seems to have vamosed! 'Tis well. Otherwise I might have broken his back."

"Not so fast!" cried Art. "Come this way, Cyril."

The speaker waved his hand toward one of the tables, framed in the narrow door of which was a tall, thin youth, clad in homespun. His long yellow hair and rustic appearance proclaimed him a member of the farming community.

Slowly the one addressed ambled forward. His face was rather pale, yet about the corners of his mobile mouth there lurked the suspicion of a smile.

"I'm not a professional," he drawled, imitating in this particular the tones of Jim Stedger. "I just happened down this way to look at a span of horses. My friend Art told me about the wrestle, asking me to stop and see it. I am not here to meet anybody on the mat."

"So this is your champion, Art," and Jim Stedger burst out laughing.

"Cyril, try him once," from Art.

"I make no pretensions," again spoke the stranger; "but as the game seems to have come to a halt, I'm willing to try you on, Mister Stedger."

With that a loud clapping of hands ensued.

Stedger flushed angrily.

"Come out here, old man."

The champion of Six Corners strode to the side of Cyril Drifte, grasped his shoulder and jerked him bodily across the floor. Everybody stood waiting for the next move.

"This is to be a fair square-hold wrestle, I suppose," said Drifte.

"Square or side hold, as you like."

"Square it is, then, collar and elbow."

The two youths stood facing each other, Drifte being somewhat taller than his antagonist, but very much lighter. It was well understood among the wrestlers of an early day that it was not so much the size of the man as his quickness and science that won in a square-hold wrestle. Stedger was at his best as a side-hold wrestler, that being more after the fashion of later date denominated "catch-as-catch-can." However, he prided himself on being extra good at collar and elbow.

The two took hold and stepped deftly about, making swift passes with toe and heel. Perry Allard was deeply interested. He was himself very good as a square-hold wrestler, altho not quite a match for Stedger.

"Now be careful, boy, be careful!" growled Stedger, with his fiercest scowl. At the same time he made several quick passes, caught the "grapevine" lock and attempted to turn his opponent backward to the floor. It did not work. Instead, with a sudden, unlooked-for twist the slender leg of Drifte slid out of the lock, a heavy foot pinioned the toe of the other, and in the twinkling of an eye Jim Stedger was laid upon his back on the floor.

The shout that went up almost raised the roof.

To be thrown, and by a stranger, was most humiliating to the boss of Six Corners. Cyril stepped back with folded arms, a peculiar smile touching his lips. Stedger struggled upright, facing his adversary with flushed face and glowing eyes.

"Boy, you can't do that again!" roared Jim.

"How many times must it be?" from Mr. Drifte.

"Best two out of three, of course."

"Very good."

Again the youths took hold. This time it was a little longer, yet the result was the same. Again the cheers, every boy fairly yelling himself hoarse. It seemed to please them to see their bragging bully defeated.

Among the most enthusiastic shouters was Perry Allard.

"Shut up, you little nimshy!" snarled Jim, bending a savage look upon the boy who was known as his cousin. Then, turning to Cyril Drifte, who had started to leave the barn, "Come back here, you!"

"What more?" asked the strange boy, facing his opponent of the wrestle. "I thought it was all over?"

"It ain't!" snapped Jim. "See here, you gandershanks from Ossipee, maybe you can throw me, but you can't lick me."

"Sho!" gutturaled Drifte. "Nobody said I could."

"Well, you've got to give a chance with cold knuckles—"

"No, no, stand back!" cried Art Meddler. "My friend came in at my request. He shan't be maltreated. It was all in sport, you know."

"Sport nothing!"

At that Jim Stedger planted a blow at the face of the visitor.

A miss is as good as a mile. The fist of Jim glided over Cyril's shoulder. Before he could recover from the momentum of his blow he fell full length as the small folded digits of the other met him under the ear. Cries of amazement fell from many lips.

Jim Stedger was not badly hurt; yet, after regaining his feet, he made no attempt to carry his aggressiveness further. He had had enough for one day.

The big fellow noticed the satisfaction expressed on the faces of many of the country boys, more especially that of Perry Allard. The two boys walked back to the farm in company.

Jim had a lump just back of his jaw which was very sore, consequently he was not feeling in the most cheerful spirits.

"Why don't you laugh?"

Jim turned suddenly upon his small companion. His hands were clinched and fire flashed from his green eyes. Perry recoiled to the side of the road.

"Never mind, Jim!" cried the smaller lad. "I ain't feeling any too well——"

"No? You'll feel worse before you feel better, you young nimshy!"

With that the big fellow made a dash for his companion. They were halfway back to the Allard farm now, with no one in sight save these two. Perry, knowing himself no match for Zadok Stedger's son, made a dash for the rail fence at the side of the road.

"Run, you little coward!" yelled Jim.

In trying to vault the fence, Perry caught his toe on the upper rail and plunged over to the ground, almost breaking his neck. He lay moaning where he had fallen as big Jim Stedger looked over the fence.

"Are you hurt, Perry?" called the big fellow, less harshly than he had spoken before.

A groan alone answered. Jim became alarmed. He vaulted the fence, laid a hand on the arm of his relative and tried to raise him. He was startled at the whiteness of the fallen boy's face.

"My goodness, Perry!" cried Jim. "I didn't mean to hurt you that bad."

Several minutes passed before the small boy was able to stand. He required the assisting hand of big Jim to help him on the road toward home.

The enmity in the heart of Jim Stedger died out suddenly. He made ample apologies for his having frightened the lad who was called his cousin, tho in reality no blood relationship existed between the two boys of Allard farm.

"I—I'm a weakling," half sobbed small Perry, "but the time is coming when I shall have more muscle, and then I'll show some folks."

"I hope you do, Perry boy," laughed big Jim, after which good nature returned to the two.

CHAPTER II.

A SUDDEN FLITTING.

PERRY had told the truth when he said that he was a weakling. He had been rather slender from birth, yet he might have grown into a strong, healthy lad but for the hard taskmaster he had over him in the person of Zadok Stedger, the surly, heartless, close-fisted man who had married the boy's Aunt Lucretia.

Perry had no memory of his mother. His father had been a man of considerable importance in the community, of whose works the lad had a faint remembrance. He recalled that his father had worked the farm summers, going to the lumber woods winters; that he had amassed considerable property, which had later fallen to his only sister. The Allard farm was a large one, at times employing several men to work its productive acres.

Perry could barely recall the time when Zadok Stedger married his aunt and came to rule at Allard farm. From that time onward the boy had led a miserable existence. Jim was Stedger's son by a former marriage, so he was in no way related to our hero, who was glad that this was so. He and Jim held nothing in common. Perry was a delicate lad, high-minded and zealous for the right, while Jim was a brute like his father.

"No whining, now!" snarled the bluff old farmer when Perry came down from his bed the next morning complaining of a severe headache as a result of his fall. "We want no milksops around this place. Hurry up with your breakfast, Perry. There's a lot to do at getting the oat ground ready. No whining, I tell you!"

Altho his head ached enough to split, Perry went about his duties with as straight a face as he could put on. He felt weak and shaky from that ball tumble from the rail fence, yet he dared not tell the farmer that his son was to blame for the hurt he had received, and Jim was the last one to make things right.

"Jim, you will hitch up and drive to town after the oats."

"All right, dad."

"I understand you and Perry were over at the Corners yesterday," pursued Zadok Stedger. "You both oughter be hosswhipped for going to such doings when work is so pressing. I won't let it happen again."

"No, dad, it won't [illegible]," mumbled Jim.

Perry was too ill to eat, yet he made a bluff at the food, knowing that he would be in for a scolding if he did not.

The oat field had been plowed and was ready for the harrow. Perry had to hitch the second team to this and drive afield. His slender legs were

PREPARED FOR U-BOATS

Our navy keeps up its continual watchfulness—its guarding of the sea-lanes, looking for the hidden enemy. We now know that the advice of our great commanders—"In time of peace prepare for war," was right and good advice. In the same way we should guard our health from the hidden attack of uric acid poison. Before men could be drafted into this war, they had a thorough physical examination in which their kidneys were tested, and a large percentage were turned back because of defective kidneys.

Before an insurance company will take a risk on your life the examining physician will test the water and report whether you are a good risk. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or the twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed two or three times a night. This is the time you should consult some physician of wide experience.

A remedy, called "AN-U-RIC," has been discovered by Doctor Pierce in his hospital practice, which he believes is more potent than lithia. It will ward off backache, headache, and the darting pains and aches of rheumatism—of those diseases which are caused by too much uric acid, such as gout, asthma, sciatica, or sore, stiff, aching joints.

Doctor Pierce, chief physician at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has been testing this wonderful medicine for the relief of overworked and weakened kidneys. The relief obtained by sufferers has been so satisfactory that he determined to place "AN-U-RIC" with the principal druggists here where people could get this ready-to-use medicine.

Those who started the day with a backache, stiff legs, arms and muscles, and an aching head (worn out before the day began because they were in and out of bed half a dozen times a night) are appreciating the perfect rest, comfort and new strength they obtained from Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. To prove that this is a certain uric acid solvent and conquers headache, kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, if you've never used the "Anuric," send ten cents to Dr. Pierce for a large sample package. This will prove to you that "Anuric" is the most perfect kidney and bladder corrector. If you are a sufferer, ask your best druggist for "Anuric."

a bit shaky, his head still aching enough to split.

"I can't stand this much longer," sighed the boy, as he finished one round across the field and sat down panting on a stump near a thick wood.

"I wouldn't either, if I was you."

Perry started at sound of a voice behind him. When he whirled about he saw a tall youth leaning over the back fence—Cyril Drifte of the late wrestling adventure. He had walked down thru the woods as a short cut to Six Corners from the farm of Art Meddler's parents.

"You, Cyril!" ejaculated Perry, pleased enough to meet the stranger again. He admired the other boy's prowess of the previous day when he had been able so easily to overcome big Jim Stedger.

"It's me, all right," laughed the tall youth. "I got the horses picked out and am on my way to see the owner now. Pretty hard work you are doing for a boy like you, Perry Allard."

"It is hard for me," agreed Perry, "but I shan't stand for it much longer."

"What'll you do?"

"Quit and go West, maybe," returned Perry, trying in vain to laugh.

"You was cut out for a girl, I see," laughed tall Mr. Drifte, climbing over the fence, squatting on one of the lower rails. "If you only had a little more sand, Perry, I'd like to take you along with me to Maple Island."

Perry's face flushed thru its pallor at this allusion to his effeminate appearance. He had had such remarks flung in his face before. They angered and annoyed him very much. He had a high spirit, and being classed with girls naturally hurt his pride.

"I'm no girl, I want you to understand," bristled the younger boy. "I may look like one, but I can do a lot of work when I have a fair chance, which I haven't had here."

"I can believe that all right," assented the other. "Art Meddler told me some things."

"About me?"

"Yes, about you, Perry."

"What did he say?"

"He said you had a hard life with the Stedgers."

"Was that all?"

"Ain't that enough?"

"I suppose so. How far is it to this island you speak of?"

"Twenty miles as the crow flies."

"When will you go back?"

"Tomorrow, if all my plans work out. But don't come now, Perry."

"Why not? I tell you I'm not a girl——"

"Cut that out!" broke in Cyril. "I meant nothing by that. But you are rather slender for hard work. Say, wait till you hear from me, Perry. I believe I can get you a soft job as chore boy at one of the shanties after a bit. The one they've got now has to quit next month."

Perry reflected. Almost any job seemed good to him if he could only escape his present thraldom. The harshness of his uncle, combined with the browbeating of Jim, was more than he could stand. His soul had been in silent rebellion for months. He was almost at the breaking point at last. Once Stedger had laid violent hands on the boy. If he ever did that again Perry resolved it should be the last.

"All right, Cyril," finally spoke Perry. "I'll try and wait another month, altho it'll be hard, very, very hard."

"I'm sorry for you, all right," declared the tall youth, who, in the eyes of Perry Allard, was a remarkable hero. He had bested the supposed invincible Jim Stedger, both at wrestling and in a square-toed fight.

Perry was not a fighter, neither was he a coward, he had his own ideas regarding the ethics of human life. He believed in being square with everybody. Abraham Lincoln was his national hero, as was now this tall country boy his neighborhood idol.

"I wish I could be where you were, Mr. Drifte," remarked the slender plowboy. "I know I am not an athlete, but I want to become so. I practice a lot in the barn loft when there's nobody by to see. Of course, Jim would poke fun at me if he knew."

"You and Jim don't seem to get on very well together, I see."

"Not very. He is too much like his father."

"Well, I must be going. Shall I tell the boss that he may look for you in about a month, Perry?"

"No, I guess not."

"Now what?"

"There's no telling what may happen in a month's time," sadly answered small Perry Allard. "I shan't be here, probably, and I may not go up to your part of the country. I'd like to, all right, only——"

"Well, only what?"

"I might not be able to fill the bill. If I shouldn't, I'd disappoint you and the man who hired me."

"I'll risk that, Perry."

"Will you?"

"Sure I will."

"Then I may come."

Tall Cyril Drifte climbed the fence and continued his way thru the woods, while Perry resumed his harrowing. When the boy went in at sound of the dinner horn he was, as the Westerners say, "about all in."

It was simply impossible for him to eat a mouthful. He climbed the stair to the old chamber and flung himself full length on the bed. Here he lay for hours burning up with a high fever.

"Zadok, I do believe Perry is downright sick."

It was Mrs. Stedger speaking on the afternoon of the day in question.

"A pretty time to be sick, right in oat seeding!" growled Stedger.

"Will you send for the doctor, Zadok?"

"Send for the doctor!" almost shouted the farmer. 'I should say not! The idea of paying out money so wastefully! I tell you the boy is playing off. He can't fool me. I'll see about this myself."

Mrs. Stedger laid a hand on her husband's arm as he was about to ascend the narrow stairs.

"Don't be harsh with Perry," she said tremblingly. "He ain't to blame for being sick, is he?"

"Yes he is!" snapped old Zadok. "He has been a whiner all the spring. He needs a good thrashing, that's what."

Zadok Stedger climbed the stairs three steps at a time. It was growing duskish in the low-ceiled room above. The angry farmer stepped to the side of the bed usually occupied at night by Jim and Perry.

"Get up here, you!" yelled Zadok, reaching after the sick boy.

The man's hand swept the empty air. He bent low, scowling. He saw that the bed was unoccupied. Perry had departed rather than meet his angry uncle. The man fumed and raged. He went into the next chamber, hunting thru all the bedrooms for the boy. He was in none of them.

"Where is he? Where is that beggar's brat?" thundered Zadok Stedger, as he emerged below stairs and confronted his wife.

Jim came in whistling. Of him the farmer demanded to know the whereabouts of Perry.

"I reckon he's hiding somewhere," said Jim.

"Go find him, James," commanded the farmer. "He's playing off sick. I'll learn him a few new tricks, the lazy hound! He'll get the hiding of his life once I lay hands on him again!"

"Zadok, Zadok!" remonstrated his wife.

"I'm sick and tired of that boy's continued whining!" bellowed Stedger. "There's an end got to come to it right off. It may as well come today as any time. What's that?"

The sound of galloping horse's hoofs met the ears of the inmates of the house. All ran to the open door. They were just in time to see a boy, mounted on a jet-black horse, dash across the yard and speed away down the road toward Six Corners.

"My cats! It's Perry Allard!" shouted Jim. "And he's riding away on old Pete! I'll go after him, dad."

## CHAPTER III.

### FLIGHT.

PERRY ALLARD heard the heavy voice of the uncle-in-law denouncing him in a voice that assured him the die was cast. Ill as he was, the boy staggered to his feet, stood hesitating a moment, then raised the narrow window that looked out upon the roof of a back porch. Crawling thru, Perry slid across the roof and shinned down a post to the ground. He stood dizzily here for a minute, listening.

He heard the tramp of heavy feet ascending the stairs. This was enough for the discouraged boy. He had a single dollar in his pocket that he had earned on the side all unbeknown to the parsimonious old Zadok Stedger. This, with a determination to secure a job in the immediate future, constrained Perry to make the all-important move—flight, and the seeking of a home somewhere else than under the roof of his dead father, now desecrated by the presence of a miserable old skinflint.

The boy fled across the yard. When he reached the road things began to whirl about, his limbs trembling under him. He realized that he was not strong enough to walk far.

It was then he thought of old Pete, the buggy horse of uncertain age, now munching hay in the back stall behind the barn.

"I'll just borrow old Pete," muttered the boy, as he hurried around the big old barn to the snug stable occupied alone by sleek, black Pete, the horse that his Aunt Lucretia drove, and one Jim designated as too slow a poke for him to fool with.

"Now, Pete, be good and don't whinny," whispered Perry in the ear of the staid old animal. Having hastily saddled his mount, Perry led him forth and drew himself into the saddle. His legs ached and his heart thumped in a manner that almost frightened the lad.

"Now, away we go!"

As boy and horse sped across the grassplot into the road, Jim and his father appeared in the open farmhouse door. There would be instant pursuit, the runaway believed, but somehow there came a feeling of exultation to the heart of the orphan boy when he felt the stalwart Pete beneath him, making splendid leaps down the country road.

Whither to go, where to land, how to avoid being captured and brought back were the thoughts that urged hotly in the brain of the fleeing boy. He would never go back! This was the one firm resolve in the heart of our boy hero.

He called to mind his conversation that day with Cyril Drifte. It might be a good idea to seek Maple Island and the job that the boy wrestler said would be open for him in a month's time.

Perry rode thru Six Corners at a sharp gallop. He glanced back now and then to note if he was being pursued. Jim had not appeared, and Perry breathed with more ease. Soon night fell, a dark night at that. The boy turned down a crossroad leading toward the big river, along whose banks the white pine grew in abundance, and among which were numerous shanties, now soon to be vacated after the long travail of the winter.

In his intense eagerness to place distance between himself and the Allard farm, the boy paid more heed to swift riding than to the course he was pursuing. In fact, soon after nightfall he found himself entering a considerable village. This proved to be Logtown, one of the pinewood settlements.

Here Perry found a small tavern with a barn attached. He drew rein before the establishment, dismounted and went in to the office and barroom. Here a red-faced man asked his business.

"I would like to leave my horse with you for a spell," said Perry.

"What is the matter with the horse?"

"Nothing. He is a good horse. His owner will call for him soon."

"All right. Jake, go put out the chap's animal," ordered the tavern-keeper, addressing a slouchy-looking young man who sat in one corner of the room reading a yellow-covered novel.

"What'll you have?" from the man behind the bar, as the hostler quitted the room.

In those days there was no law against selling liquor to minors; even had there been one it is not likely the pinewoods tavern-keeper would have cared to obey.

When Perry refused to patronize the bar the man chuckled and remarked that he was the "queer sort to refuse a treat from the house."

"I am on my way to Maple Island," explained Perry. "Can you direct me?"

"Sure, only you should have turned off the main road back a mile. You won't go tonight, will you?"

"Why, yes, I believe I will."

"The horse——"

"I'll leave the animal with you, sir. His owner will call for him soon, and pay for his keep. You may let me have some bread and meat to take as a lunch, and I'll be going right along."

The landlord took one quarter of the boy's dollar for his lunch, then he went to the door and again gave directions how to find the road leading to Maple Island. Perry thought he could find it and with his sandwiches, wrapped in a piece of brown paper, safely tucked in an outside pocket, he struck out in the darkness on the return trip.

He had not gone far when he heard the sound of cantering horse's hoofs. The boy drew aside into a thicket, being completely screened as a youth well mounted rode by. Perry felt safe till the horse gave a snort of alarm. The rider halted and began talking to the animal. The lad in hiding at once recognized the voice of his friend Jim.

"So he sent you after me did he?" muttered Perry. "Well, he might know I'd never go back with big Jim—never!"

The horse and rider soon galloped on toward Logtown.

Perry felt weak and feverish, yet he was so determined to keep on that he scarcely noticed his enfeebled condition. It was his ambition some day to become a strong young man like those of his friends he knew about Six Corners.

"I could never be anything but a puny girl-boy while I stayed at the farm to be kicked and cuffed about by old Zadok and his son Jim," avowed the lad to himself.

After going what seemed a long mile and finding himself in the thick woods, Perry came to a halt, seating himself on an overturned tree by the side of the road. He was tired and aching in every limb.

"Oh, dear, I wish I had waited a few days longer!" was the cry that passed over his trembling lips. After a brief rest, the boy, by feeling about carefully in the darkness, decided that he had discovered a road leading off into the forest. This he accepted as the one leading to Maple Island.

It is very easy to lose one's self in a thick woods, even in the broad light of day, and at night it is much worse, as our boy hero soon discovered. On and on he tramped, expecting every minute to see signs of a clearing. The tavern-Keeper had told him the island was about two miles off the main road. When Perry felt sure that he had covered more than the two miles since leaving the main road, he halted and leaned wearily against a tree.

Dismal prospect, indeed. He knew now that he had either taken the wrong road, or else had strayed from it in the darkness, which was dense in the woods.

Finding a hillock near, he sank down, with his back against a tree, and drawing out his package of food, he began an assault upon it. Hunger and illness almost overcame him.

In the end, however, he felt better. There were fragments left of that frugal meal. Resting on the hillock for perhaps an hour, Perry got to his feet and started to renew his journey. He felt the pangs of thirst, but he believed he should be able to find a house before long, since the woods along the river were dotted with settlers' cabins.

No such good luck overtook him, as it proved. The woods seemed to thicken in immensity as he advanced. Presently he found himself knee-deep in a swamp shintangle.

"Mercy me!" he gasped, "I am lost, all right!"

Again the boy sat down and put on his thinking cap. He felt the need of good fatherly advice just then. He had often wondered how his father came to die. He had remembered his serious face in his early childhood, but called to mind no death and funeral. Once he had asked his aunt, only to be snubbed with a surly rebuff and solemn shake of the head, as much as to say that the

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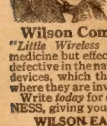
**Deafness**



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Does it look good to you *for a little spare time?* Write at once or simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you full details of this "STARTLING OFFER." We will also send you FREE a large assortment of cloth samples and dozens of fashion plates to choose from

**NOTHING LIKE IT EVER OFFERED**

by any other Tailoring House. We don't ask you to spend your cash profits for your clothes. Ours is a new and better plan. Write at once, be the first in your town to get this FREE suit.

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**NEW RUPTURE CURE**

*DON'T WEAR A TRUSS.*

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet **FREE.**

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**WETO GRAPH** SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

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Gold plated **Lavalliere** and **Neckchain**, pair of Pierced **Ear Bobs**; Gold plated **Expansion Bracelet** with 1m. **Watch, guaranteed quality** and 3 Gold plated Rings. **All given FREE** for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT. 147 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

# THE FAIRY CORNER

### THE GOSLING'S REQUEST.

"Pray do not weep, oh, Gosling dear,"
Said kind old Doctor Quack.
"Your mother will be well again
Before daylight comes back."

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! That's why I weep."
Said Gosling, tearfully.
"For she has said when she is well
She's going to punish me.

"So, Doctor, do your level best,
Prescribe the things you know
Are sure to keep her here until
I've had a chance to grow."

### The Envious Neighbor.

Long, long ago an old couple lived in a village, and, as they had no children to love and care for, they gave all their affection to a little dog.

One day the old man was working in his garden, with his dog, as usual, close by, when he noticed that the animal was snuffling and scratching at a spot a little way off. He went on quietly with his digging, when the dog ran up to his master, barking loudly, and back again to the place where he had been scratching.

Curious to know if the dog had really found anything, the husband began to dig, and very soon the spade struck against something. He stooped down and pulled out a large box, filled quite full with shining gold-pieces. The box was so heavy that the old woman had to help to carry it home, and you may guess what a supper the dog had that night!

The story of the dog and his treasure soon became known, and a neighbor whose garden was next the old people's grew so envious of their good luck that he could neither eat nor sleep. As the dog had discovered a treasure once, this foolish man thought he must be able to discover one always, and begged the old couple to lend him their pet for a little while, so that he might be made rich also.

The old people, who could not bear to say no to any one, promised to lend the dog, just for a night or two. No sooner did the man get hold of the dog than he turned him into the garden, but the dog did nothing but race about.

The next morning the man opened the house door, and the dog bounded joyfully into the garden, and, running up to the foot of a tree, began to scratch wildly. The man called loudly to his wife to bring a spade, and followed the dog.

But when he had dug up the ground what did he find? Why, nothing but a parcel of old bones, which smelled so badly that he could not stay there a moment longer. And his heart was filled with rage against the dog who had played him this trick, and he seized a pickax and killed it on the spot, before he knew what he was doing. Then he pulled a very long face and went to his neighbor's garden.

"Your dog," said he, pretending to weep, "has suddenly fallen down dead. And I thought I had better come straight and tell you."

Weeping bitterly, the old man went to fetch the body of his favorite, and brought it home and buried it under the fig tree, where he had found the treasure. From morning till night he and his wife mourned over their loss, and nothing would comfort them. At length, one night, when he was asleep, he dreamed that the dog had appeared to him and told him to cut down the fig tree out of his grave, and out of its wood to make a mortar.

So the tree was felled and a beautiful mortar made from it. And when the season came for the rice crop to be gathered the mortar was taken down from its shelf and the grains placed in it for pounding, when, lo and behold! in a twinkling of an eye they all turned into gold-pieces.

But it was not long before this story also came to the ears of their envious neighbor, and he lost no time in going to the old people and asking if they happened to have a mortar which they could lend him.

The moment he got into his own house he took a great handful of rice and began to shell off the husks, with the help of his wife. But, instead of the gold-pieces for which they looked, the rice turned into berries with such a horrible smell that they were obliged to run away, after smashing the mortar in a rage and setting fire to the bits.

The old people next door were naturally very much put out when they learned the fate of their mortar, and were not at all comforted by the explanations and excuses made by their neighbor. But that night the dog again appeared in a dream to his master, and told him that he must go and collect the ashes of the burned mortar and bring them home. Then, when he heard that the Daimio, or great lord to whom this part of the country belonged, was expected at the capital, he was to carry the ashes to the highroad thru which the procession would have to pass. And as soon as it was in sight he was to climb up all the cherry trees and sprinkle the ashes on them, and they would soon blossom as they had never blossomed before.

The old man collected the ashes of the burned mortar, put them carefully into a china vase, and carried it to the highroad, sitting down on a seat till the Daimio should pass. The cherry trees were bare, for it was the season when small pots of them were sold to rich people, who kept them in hot places, so that they might blossom early and decorate their rooms. As to the trees in the open air, no one would ever think of looking for the tiniest bud for more than a month yet. The old man had not been waiting long before he saw a cloud of dust in the far distance, and knew that it must be the procession of the Daimio.

On they came, every man dressed in his finest clothes, and the crowd that was lining the road bowed their faces to the ground as they went by. Only the old man did not bow himself, and the great lord saw this, and bade one of his courtiers, in anger, go and inquire why he had disobeyed the ancient customs. But before the messenger could reach him the old man had climbed the nearest tree and scattered his ashes far and wide, and in an instant the white flowers had flashed into life, and the heart of the Daimio rejoiced, and he gave rich presents to the old man, whom he sent for to his castle.

We may be sure that in a little while the envious neighbor had heard this also, and his bosom was filled with hate. He hastened to the place where he had burned the mortar, collected a few ashes which the old man had left behind and took them to the road, hoping that his luck might be as good as the old man's, or perhaps even better. His heart beat with pleasure when he caught the first glimpses of the Daimio's train, and he held himself ready for the right moment. As the Daimio drew near he flung a great handful of ashes over the trees, but no buds or flowers followed the action; instead, the ashes were all blown back into the eyes of the Daimio and his warriors, till they cried out from pain. Then the Prince ordered the evil-doer to be seized and bound and thrown into prison.

### HER FIRST JOURNEY.

Margaret, 5 years old, was traveling for the first time. She sat as if entranced by the view from the car window.

Her father, noticing the rapt expression on her face as the train sped along, said:

"What do you think of it, Margaret?"

She replied: "Oh, father! It is just like a picture book, only you don't have to turn the pages."

### EARLY LESSON.

Squire (to rural lad)—"Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one?"

Boy—"By teeth, sir."

Squire—"Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't any teeth."

Boy—"No, sir; but I have."

### GOOD REASON.

"Lillian," said the mother, severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry this morning and now there is only one. How does it happen?" "I don't know," replied Lillian, regretfully. "It must 'a' been so dark I didn't see the other piece."


# Sugar 5c a Pound

One of our leaders. We save you money on Groceries—catalogue free with trial order. The requests for catalogues are enormous and hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually by mail order concerns in sending out catalogues to places where no benefit is ever derived. To avoid all this ***unnecessary*** expense and be in a position to sell our goods at the lowest possible price, we have decided on the following plan: We will only send our Bargain Grocery Catalogue to such people who can prove to us that they are really interested in saving money on groceries. We quote herewith a few of the bargains listed and which are sold in different parts of our catalogue.

## FLOUR-$10.36 Per Barrel

*(One of Our Leaders)*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Our Best Flour | $10.36 | per barrel |
| " " " | 5.18 | per half barrel |
| " " " | 2.59 | per 49-pound sack |
| " " " | 1.30 | per 24½-pound sack |

## SUGAR-$5.00 Per 100 Lbs.

*(One of Our Leaders)*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Our Best Granulated Sugar | $5.00 | per 100 lbs. |
| " " " " | 2.50 | per 50 lbs. |
| " " " " | 1.25 | per 25 lbs. |
| " " " " | .50 | per 10 lbs. |

## Here Is Our Plan

Send us $1.99 for the following Trial Order and we will then know that you mean business, and we will include with your order our Bargain Grocery Catalogue in which you will find big grocery bargains.

### Trial Order B. P.

| | (Estimated) Retail Price | Our Price |
|---|---|---|
| 5 pounds Our Best Granulated Sugar | 50 cents | 25 cents |
| 1 large size package Quaker Oats | 10 cents | 7 cents |
| 1 pound Guaranteed Baking Powder | 50 cents | 39 cents |
| ¼-pound Black Pepper (Ground) | 25 cents | 15 cents |
| ¼-pound Cinnamon (Ground) | 25 cents | 15 cents |
| ¼-pound Ginger (Ground) | 25 cents | 15 cents |
| ¼-pound Mustard (Ground) | 25 cents | 15 cents |
| 2 bars Kirk's White Flake Soap | 16 cents | 9 cents |
| 2 packages Uneeda Biscuits | 16 cents | 8 cents |
| 1 bar Fels Naphtha Soap | 5 cents | 3 cents |
| 1 pound Breakfast Cocoa | 60 cents | 39 cents |
| 3 packages Washing Powder | 15 cents | 9 cents |
| 1 Catalogue Free | Retail Price $3.22 | Our Price $1.99 |

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## COLE-CONRAD CO.

**Department B. P.**

**2214 OGDEN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

## OTHER BIG BARGAINS IN OUR CATALOGUE

Uneeda Biscuits, 12 packages.....40 cents
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AND OTHER BIG BARGAINS

**Remember** we send no catalogue unless we receive your trial order.

We sell the trial order complete only and no part of same. Nor do we sell any article mentioned in this advertisement separately.

Rush your trial order at once, and get our catalogue and commence saving big money on all your groceries.

## ORDER BLANK

**COLE-CONRAD COMPANY,**
**Dept. B. P., 2214 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find $1.99 for which send me Bargain Grocery Order No. B. P. and include free your catalogue showing your Big Grocery Bargains, it being understood and agreed if I am not perfectly satisfied that I can return the goods and you will at once return my money.

Name .....

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City..... State.....

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# The Six Corners Boy.

(Continued From Page 17.)

name of the brother must not be spoken in her presence.

The neighbors seemed to know little, altho Art Meddler's father had hinted that John Allard had committed some crime for which he had been banished from the face of human kind.

Perry indignantly dismissed this last thought. Whether dead or living, he knew that his father had never disgraced the name of Allard. This being true, it was up to him to keep the escutcheon clean. Was he doing this by running away from his benefactors? Ah, there was the rub! Old Stedger had never been anything but a callous tyrant. The aunt, however, had ofttimes spoken kindly to Perry, and had bespoken good treatment which her husband seldom granted.

"I'll remember Auntie Crete always," murmured the boy; "but for old curmudgeon Stedger, I fairly hate him; and when I get all muscled up under the training of an athletic teacher, I'll go back to Allard farm and lick that scamp good and plenty—also his son Jim!"

And then Perry sprang to his feet and faced the dark aisles of the woods once more. An hour of continuous, tiresome trudging fetched him nowhere in particular. Perry heaved a sigh of sad disappointment. He knew now that he had traveled far and wide for Maple Island. By figuring out the time, the boy readily decided that he had tramped at least a dozen miles—perhaps in a circle. Unpleasant thought! The fever of early evening had left him, and he was sweating copiously.

Standing there in the dark, the boy turned his gaze upward. Between the treetops there smiled at him a single star. Its twinkle fascinated him. It seemed to extend a beckoning hand toward him. If he could only lift himself above the thick woods and sail upward to that star, how good he would feel! Such was the poor lad's thought. Really however, he knew that not even the wings of an eagle could send him up to the twinkling little star.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed, "I hardly know what to do now!"

And then an answer came to his despairing cry. Far off to the left, where the woods seemed to break away into an open glade, there came the distant report of a rifle. The crack of a gun indicated that somewhere in the big woods there was a human being other than himself. Heartened at the sound, Perry stepped with lighter feet, making his way in the direction of the distant report.

In the course of twenty minutes the night seemed to grow lighter, and the woods dwindled away into scattering jack pines and oak grubs. He realized that he was leaving the pine woods, emerging upon the oak openings, which covered a large stretch of country toward the shore of the Great Lakes.

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. You will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

## WHAT SHE WANTED.

"I was so ashamed," said the young woman in the taffeta dress after the callers had gone, "when Mrs. Benks asked if I helped in our garden, and I had to admit that I did every single bit of it and you didn't raise your finger!"

"Admit!" quoted the other half of the sketch with vast irony. "Why, Ernestine, you know you nearly choked to death in your haste to publish your wrongs to the world! You waved banners and turned on a regular brass band so nobody would miss the announcement!"

"I'm glad you're ashamed!" said his wife. "You ought to be! Any strong, healthy man who will sit and smoke and let his wife break her back gardening because she is trying to be patriotic and save money as well, should just crawl off in a corner and hide! He——"

"But I'm not ashamed!" her husband corrected. "I remember just as well back in the merry springtime when you said you should be so glad to have a garden because then you would get outdoors more and the fresh air and exercise would be so beneficial——"

"It makes no difference!" said the young woman in the taffeta gown. "It's the principle of the thing! Do you suppose I like to have other women pitying me and acting glad that their husbands aren't like mine? Why, you should have seen Mrs. Benks when she told me that Mr. Benks gets up at 5 a. m. to attend to their garden! She was perfectly hateful about it! I know my face got red. I was so embarrassed! She added that Mr. Benks was so thoughtful and so afraid she might overwork! Look at that picture in contrast with a man who lets his wife spade and hoe and dig."

"I told you to get the furnace man to spade!" cried her husband. "Why on earth——"

"Well, Oscar did spade!" said the young woman in the taffeta dress, mutinously. "But if he hadn't been there to do it, and you wouldn't, why I should have had to do it myself, shouldn't I? So it amounts to exactly the same thing! It's just as bad as tho you had sat by and watched me do it! And I know Mrs. Benks thought so! And if I didn't spade I guess I planted all the seeds, and that's no joke! I nearly got apoplexy from bending over, and I knew of a woman who died, once, while she was planting radish seeds! Just toppled over! Maybe if I had done that you wouldn't be so gay about it! And you might at least, now that all the hardest part of it is done, take some interest in it!"

"I am vastly interested in it!" declared her husband. "Didn't I stop the other day and tell you the beets were looking fine——"

"And it was the cabbage bed you were looking at!" she flamed. "You can't stop thinking about your old law cases long enough to tell a cabbage from a beet! The only time you pay attention to things like that is when they are cooked! Besides, even if you don't care about gardening, you should take an intelligent interest in things that interest me! It is just selfishness on your part! I shall never get over the awful feeling I had when I had to tell Mrs. Benks you didn't care a thing about what I did or suffered!"

"Why, you nev——"

"Well, it meant that, even if those weren't the precise words! She'll go around telling every one that I'm a woman to be pitied!"

"Well, I can't understand you at all!" declared her husband. "You suggested having a garden, and were tickled to pieces at the idea of working out in the warm sunshine and breathing the fresh air, and have been perfectly cheerful about it up to now, and just because Mrs. Benks——"

"I never realized before how I was slaving!" she told him. "And no man respects a woman who will let him impose on her! He just lets her do more and more! Pretty soon you will expect me to shovel coal and take care of the furnace. I shouldn't be surprised if you set me to cleaning off the sidewalks next winter when it snows hard! I heard about a man once who made his wife scrub their auto every Sunday morning while he read the paper, and if we owned a machine, I've not the least doubt——"

"Great Scot!" exploded her husband. "I had no idea you felt this way, Ernestine! Why didn't you ask me before? If it is necessary I will gladly do any work in the garden you want me to! Come on out now and show me."

"Well," said the young woman in the taffeta dress doubtfully. "I don't just see how I can show you—the trouble is you won't do things as I would do them, and you'll always hoe the wrong rows and you'll cut roots that grow laterally and you don't know a single thing about it! I've taken such pains with that garden I can't bear having it spoiled! And really, I enjoy every minute I work in it!"

"But——"

"Anyhow," said his wife, "I guess I don't want you interfering in my garden, Harold. I just wanted you to be willing to do it, so you see——"

"Well, for the love of stewed prunes!" shouted her husband, falling back in his chair.

* * *

## He Rang the Bell.

One night a couple of traveling salesmen arrived in a small Kansas town and found the hotel crowded. Not a room was to be had.

"I hate to disaccommodate you, gents," said the hotel proprietor, "but even the pool table's occupied. But, say, see that old church across the street? I bought it to build a new hotel on the site. If you don't mind, you can go over there and sleep in the pews. They're upholstered and they ain't bad sleepin' in at all."

The tired pair decided to try it.

About 1 o'clock in the morning the hotel proprietor was awakened by the loud clanging of the church bell. He got up, roused the porter and told him to hurry over to find out the trouble. In a few moments the porter came back.

"Well?" asked the owner, excitedly.

"Party in pew 26 wants a gin rickey," was the answer.

* * *

## "Guardian Angel."

An amusing story is told by an American traveler in regard to a small girl who was on one occasion traveling with her parents in a sleeping car.

She had great objections to being put in an upper berth, but after being guardian angel would be watching over her all the time, she was at last prevailed upon to settle down.

When everything was quiet for the night a small voice piped, "Mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here; now you go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here; be a good little girl and go to sleep."

Quietness reigned for some time and then the questions were repeated, till at last a fellow passenger lost his patience and roared out: "Yes, confound you, we're all here—your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts!"

After this there was a brief pause, then the tiny voice piped again, "Mamma?"

"Well?"

"Was that the guardian angel?"

* * *

**Beyond Question.**

"Old Father Time is something of a vaudeville artist."

"Well, he's a great headliner."


# FREE TO PILE SUFFERERS

**Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself Permanently of Piles.**

## Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent cure of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cured cases testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, suppositories, etc. have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one infallible treatment that positively and permanently cures.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

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## Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

9530 Double Breasted Coat .34 to 42 Bust

9528 Panel Skirt 24 to 32 Waist.

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9540 Dress for Misses and Small Women. 16and 18 years.

9517 Fancy Blouse 34 to 42 Bust.

9528 Panel Skirt 24 to 32 Waist.



9532- Apron with Removable Cuffs and Cap.One Size.

9545 One-Piece Dress 34 to 46 Bust.

9537 Coat With or without Cape. 34 to 42 Bust.

9536- Long Coat 16and 18 years.

## HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free three pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the three that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get six coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and accurate.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the three pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these three coupons entitling you to three patterns, fill out the blank below and inclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

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## Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

**The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.**

### "Cured by the Brooks Discovery"

#### At the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—
I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.
Very sincerely yours,
SAM A. HOOVER

High Point, N. C.

### Cured Without Operation

#### "Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—
Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.
The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.
I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.
I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.
Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.

### Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your Appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner, our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months.
Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

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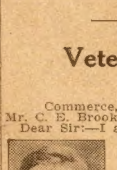
Salem, Ohio.
430 Cleveland Av.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks:
I am sending you a small picture of my son, who is now five years old.
We ordered your Appliance for him when he was only two months old, and yet want to say in about three months all signs of rupture were gone, and he is some boy today.
I shall be very glad to say a good word for you whenever the opportunity presents itself.
Yours very truly,
T. A. McLAIN.

### Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.
Mr. C. E. Brooks.
Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plow or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorp Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.
Yours sincerely,
H. D. BANKS.



### Doctor Pronounces Him Cured

119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks:—
Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.
We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.
Thanking you for your kindness, I am,
Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.

### Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

### Ten Reasons Why

#### You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

### Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.
My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers.
I am,
Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

## Free Information Coupon

**Mr. C. E. BROOKS,**
**316 C State St., Marshall, Michigan**

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

R. F. D. ..... City ..... State .....